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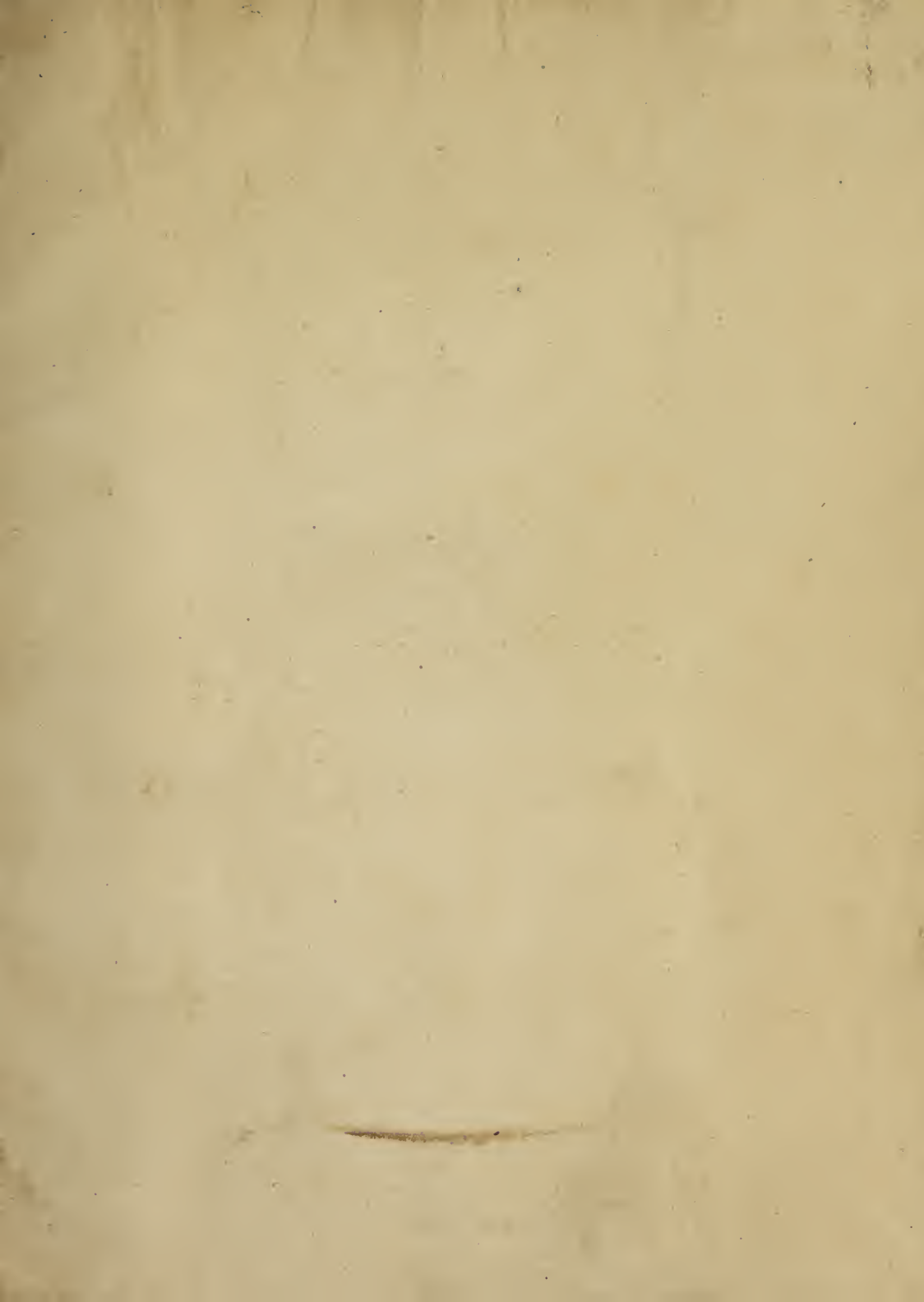


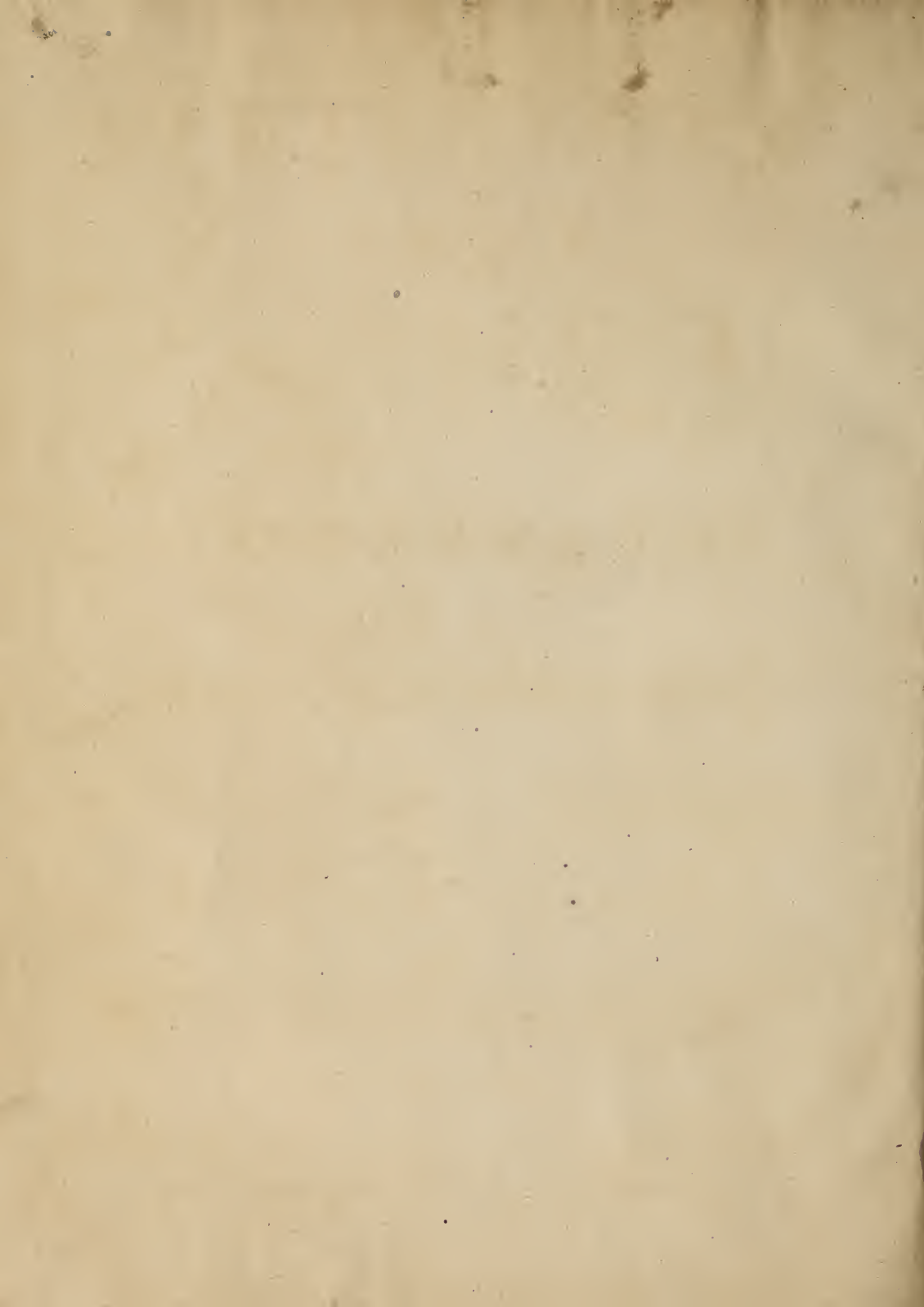
*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

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THE  
COMMITTEE;  
A  
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the  
THEATRE-ROYAL  
BY HER  
MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

---

Written by the Honourable  
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

---

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Tonson*; and Sold by *Math. Hawkins*, at  
the *Angel* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*. 1710.

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

**C**olonel Careless.  
Colonel Blunt.  
Lieutenant Story.  
Nehemiah Catch,  
Joseph Blemish,  
Jonathan Headstrong, } Committee-Men.  
Ezekiel Scrape,  
Mr. Day, *Chair-Man to the Committee.*  
Abel, *Son to Mr. Day.*  
Obadiah, *Clerk to the Committee.*  
Bailiff.  
Servant to Mr. Day.  
A Stage-Coachman.  
Bookseller.

Mr. Wilks.  
Mr. Mills.  
Mr. Burkhead.  
Mr. Norris.  
Mr. Fairbank.  
Mr. Pinkethman.  
Mr. Bullock.  
Mr. Johnson.  
Mr. Crofs.  
Mr. Bullock Junr.  
Mr. Crofs.  
Mr. Norris.

## W O M E N.

Mrs. Arbella.  
Mrs. Day.  
Mrs. Ruth.  
Mrs. Chat.

Mrs. Rogers.  
Mrs. Powel.  
Mrs. Knight.

*Two Chair-Men, a Goal Keeper, Soldiers, and Tavern Boy.*

## SCENE LONDON.

## THE

# THE COMMITTEE.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Mrs. Day, Mrs. Arbella, Mrs. Ruth, Colonel Blunt,  
and a Hackney-Coachman.*

*Mrs. Day enters brushing her Hoods and Scarfs.*

Mrs. **N**OW out upon't, how dusty 'tis;  
Day. All Things consider'd, 'tis better  
Travelling in the Winter; especially for us of the better sort,  
That ride in Coaches: and yet to say Truth, warm Weather is  
Both pleasant and comfortable: 'Tis a thousand Pities  
That fair Weather should do any hurt. Well said, honest  
Coachman, thou hast done thy Part: My Son *Abel*  
Paid for my Place at *Redding*, did he not?

*Coach.* Yes, and please you.

Mrs. Day. Well, there's something  
Extraordinary to make thee drink.

*Coach.* By my Whip, 'tis a Groat of more  
Than ordinary Thinness. ———

Plague on this new Gentry, how liberal they are. Farewel,  
Young Mistress; farewel, Gentlemen: Pray when you come by  
*Redding* let *Toby* carry you.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exit Coachman.*]

Mrs. Day. Why how now, Mrs. *Arbella*?  
What, sad? Why what's the Matter?

*Arb.* I am not very sad.

Mrs. Day. Nay, by my Honour you need not;  
If you knew as much as I. Well ———  
I'll tell you one thing, you are well enough, you need not fear  
Whoever does; say I told you so, — If you do not hurt your  
Self; for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as

He will, I can see with half an Eye, that my Son *Abel* Means to take care of you in your Composition, and will Needs have you his Guest: *Ruth* and you shall be Bed-Fellows: I warrant that same *Abel* many and many a time Will wish his Sister's Place; or else his Father ne'er Got him; though I say it, that shou'd not say it, yet I do Say it---'tis a notable Fellow.—

*Arb.* I am fallen into strange Hands, If they prove as busie as her Tongue—

[*Aside.*

*Mrs. Day.* And now you talk of This same *Abel*, I tell you but one thing, I wonder that neither he nor my Husband's Honour's Chief Clerk *Obadiab*, is not here ready to attend me: I Dare warrant my Son *Abel* has been here two Hours Before us. 'Tis the veriest Princ Cox; He will ever be galloping, and Yet he is not full one and twenty, for all his Appearances: He never stole this Trick of galloping; his Father Was just such another before him, And wou'd gallop with the best of 'em; he and Mistress *Busie's* Husband were counted the best Horsemen in *Redding*, ay, and *Berkshire* to boot. I have rode formerly behind Mr. *Busie*, But in truth I cannot now endure to travel but in a Coach; My own was at present in disorder, and so I was feign To shift in this; but I warrant you, if his Honour, Mr. *Day*, Chair-man of the honourable Committee of Sequestrations, Shou'd know that his Wife rode in a Stage-Coach, he Wou'd make the House too hot for some.—Why, how is't With you, Sir? What, weary of your Journey?

[*To the Colonel.*

[*Aside.*

*Blunt.* Her Tongue will never tire—  
Somany, Mistress, riding in a Coach  
Has a little distemper'd me with Heat.

*Mrs. Day.* So many, Sir? why there were but six.  
What would you say if I shou'd tell you,  
That I was one of the eleven that travell'd  
At one time in one Coach?

*Blunt.* O the Devil! I have given her a new Theam—

[*Aside.*

*Mrs. Day.* Why, I'll tell you—Can you guess how 'twas?

*Blunt.* Not I truly. But 'tis no Matter, I do believe it.

*Mrs. Day.* Look you, thus 'twas;  
There was, in the first Place, my self,  
And my Husband, I shou'd have said first; but his Honour  
Wou'd have pardon'd me, if he had heard me;  
Mr. *Busie* that I told you of, and his Wife;  
The Mayor of *Redding*, and his Wife;  
And this *Ruth* that you see there, in one of your Laps—  
But now, where do you think the rest were?

*Blunt.* A Top o'th' Coach sure.

*Mrs. Day.*

Mrs. Day. Nay, I durst swear you wou'd  
Never guess — Why —  
Wou'd you think it;  
I had two growing in my Belly,  
Mrs. Busie one in hers, and Mrs. Mayorefs of Redding  
A chopping Boy, as it proved afterwards, in hers;  
As like the Father as if it had been spit out of his Mouth;  
And if he had come out of his Mouth, he had come  
Out of as honest a Man's Mouth as any in forty Miles  
Of the Head of him:  
For wou'd you think it,  
At the very same time when this same Ruth was sick,  
It being the first time the Girl was ever coach'd,  
The good Man, Mr. Mayor  
I mean, that I spoke of,  
Held his Hat for the Girl to ease her Stomach in. —

*Enter Abel and Obadiah.*

——— O! are you come?  
Long look'd for comes at last.  
What, —— You have a slow set Pace,  
As well as your hasty Scribble sometimes:  
Did you not think it fit, that I shou'd have found  
Attendance ready for me when I alighted.

Obad. I ask you Honour's Pardon; for I do  
Profess unto your Ladyship I had attended sooner,  
But that his young Honour, Mr. Abel,  
Demurr'd me by his Delays.

Mrs. Day. Well, Son Abel,  
You must be obey'd,  
And I partly, if not, guess your Business;  
Providing for the Entertainment of one I have in my Eye;  
Read her and take her:  
Ah, is't not so?

Abel. I have not been deficient in my Care, Forsooth.

Mrs. Day. Will you never leave your Forsooths?  
Art thou not asham'd  
To let the Clerk carry himself better,  
And shew more Breeding than his Master's Son?

Abel. If it please your Honour, I have some Business  
For your more private Ear.

Mrs. Day. Very well.

Ruth. What a lamentable Condition has  
That Gentleman been in, saith I pity him?

Abel. Are you so apt to pity Men?

Ruth. Yes, Men that are humorsom,  
As I would Children that are froward;  
I wou'd not make them cry a purpose.

Abel. Well, I like his Humour, I dare  
Swear he's plain and honest.

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* Plain enough of all Conscience;  
Faith I'll speak to him.

*Arb.* Nay prithee don't, he'll think thee rude.

*Ruth.* Why then I'll think him an Ass. ———  
How is't after your Journey, Sir?

*Blunt.* Why, I am worse after it.

*Ruth.* Do you love riding in a Coach, Sir?

*Blunt.* No, Forsooth, nor talking after riding in a Coach.

*Ruth.* I shou'd be loath

To interrupt your Meditations, Sir:

We may have the Fruits hereafter.

*Blunt.* If you have, they shall break loose spite of my Teeth;  
This Spawn is as bad as the great Pike.

*Arb.* Prithee Peace: Sir ——— We wish you all Happiness. [Aside]

*Blunt.* And Quiet, good sweet Ladies, ———

I like her well enough. ———

Now wou'd not I have her say any more, for fear she  
Shou'd jeer too, and spoil my good Opinion;

If 'twere possible, I wou'd think well of one Woman.

*Mrs. Day.* Come, *Mrs. Arbella*, 'tis as I told you,

*Abel* has done it, say no more, take her by the Hand, *Abel*.

I profess she may venture to take thee for better, for worse:

Come, Mistress; the Honourable Committee will sit suddenly.

Come, let's along. Farewel, Sir.

[Exeunt]

*Manet Colonel Blunt.*

*Blunt.* How, the Committee ready to sit! Plague

On their Honours; for so my honour'd Lady,

That was one of the eleven, was pleas'd to call 'em.

I had like to have come a Day after the Fair:

'Tis pretty, that such as I have been, must compound

For their having been Rascals.

Well, I must go look a Lodging, and a Solicitor:

I'll find the arrantest Rogue I can too;

For, according to the old Saying,

Set a Thief to catch a Thief.

*Enter Colonel Careless, and Lieutenant.*

*Care.* Dear *Blunt*, well met:

When came you, Man?

*Blunt.* Dear *Careless*, I did not think to have met thee  
So suddenly. Lieutenant, your Servant;

I am landed just now, Man.

*Care.* Thou speak'st as if thou had'st been at Sea?

*Blunt.* It's pretty well guess, I have been in a Storm.

*Care.* What Business brought thee?

*Blunt.* May be the same with yours;

I am come to compound with their Honours.

*Care.* That's my Business too;

Why, the Committee sits suddenly.

*Blunt.* Yes, I know it.

I heard so in the Storm I told you of.

*Care.* What Storm, Man?

*Blunt.* Why, a Tempest as high as ever blew from Woman's Breath: I have rode in a Stage-Coach, wedged in With half a dozen; one of them was a Committee-man's Wife; his Name is *Day*:

And she accordingly will be call'd,  
Your Honour, and your Ladyship; with a Tongue that Wags as much faster than all other Womens, as in the Several motions of a Watch, the hand of the Minute Moves faster than that of the Hours. There was her Daughter too; but a Bastard without question; For she had no resemblance to the rest of the notch'd Rascals, and very pretty, and had Wit enough To jeer a Man in Prosperity to death.—

There was another Gentlewoman,  
And she was handsom, nay very handsom;  
But I kept her from being as sad as the rest.

*Care.* Prithee, how, Man?

*Blunt.* Why, she began with two or three good words,  
And I desired her she would be quiet  
While she was well.

*Care.* Thou wert not so mad?

*Blunt.* I had been mad if I had not——  
But when we came to our Journey's end, there met us two  
Such formal and stately Rascals,  
That yet pretended Religion  
And open Rebellion ever painted:  
It was the Hopes,  
And Guide of the honourable Family, viz.  
The eldest Son,  
And the chiefest Clerk-Rogues——

——And hereby hangs a tail.

This Gentlewoman I told thee  
I kept civil, by desiring her to say nothing,  
Is a rich Heirefs of one that dy'd in the  
King's Service, and left his Estate under Sequestration.  
This young Chicken has this Kite snatch'd up,  
And designs her for this her eldest Rascal.

*Care.* What a dull Fellow wert thou,  
Not to make love, and rescue her?

*Blunt.* I'll woo no Woman.

*Care.* Would'st thou have them court thee?  
A Soldier, and not love a Siege!  
How now, who art thou?

*Enter Teg.*

*Teg.* A poor *Irishman*, and Christ save me, and save you all;  
I prithee give me Six-pence, gad Mastero.

*Care.* Six-pence? I see thou wou'dst not lose any thing  
For want of asking. Here, I am pretty near,

There's a Groat for thy Confidence.

*Teg.* By my troth it is too little.

*Care.* Troth, like enough:

How long hast thou been in *England*?

*Teg.* Ever since I came hither, i'faith.

*Care.* That's true; what hast thou done

Since thou cam'st into *England*?

*Teg.* Serv'd God and St. *Patrick*, and my good Sweet King, and my good sweet Master; yes indeed.

*Care.* And what do'st thou do now?

*Teg.* Cry for them every day, upon my Soul.

*Care.* Why where's thy Master?

*Teg.* He's dead, Mastero, and left poor *Teg*;  
Upon my Soul, he never serv'd poor *Teg* so before.

*Care.* Who was thy Master?

*Teg.* E'en the good Colonel *Danger*.

*Care.* He was my dear and noble Friend

*Teg.* Yes, that he was, and poor *Teg's* too, i'faith now.

*Care.* What do'st thou mean to do?

*Teg.* I will get a good Master, if any good Master wou'd  
Get me; I cannot tell what to do else, by my Soul, that  
I cannot; for I have went and gone to one *Lilly's*;  
He lives at that House, at the end of another House,  
By the May-pole-house; and tells every body by one  
Star, and 'toher Star, what good luck they shall have;  
But he cou'd not tell nothing for poor *Teg*.

*Care.* Why, Man?

*Teg.* Why, 'tis done by the Stars;  
And he told me there were no Stars for *Irishmen*;  
I told him he told two or three Lies upon my Soul;  
There were as many Stars in *Ireland* as in *England*,  
And more too, that there are; and if a good Master  
Cannot get me, I will run into *Ireland*, and see  
If the Stars be not there still; and if they be,  
I will come back i'faith, and beat his Pate,  
If he will not tell me some good luck, and some Stars.

*Care.* Poor Fellow, I pity him; I fancy he's simply  
Noneest: Hast thou any Trade?

*Teg.* Bo, bub bub bo, a Trade, a Trade! an *Irishman* a Trade!  
An *Irishman* scorn a Trade, that he does; I will  
Run for thee forty Miles; but I scorn t'have a Trade.

*Blunt.* Alas, poor simple Fellow.

*Care.* I pity him; nor can I indure to see any miserable  
That can weep for my Prince, and Friend. Well, *Teg*, what  
Sayest thou if I will take thee!

*Teg.* Why I will say thou wilt do very well then.

*Care.* Thy Master was my dear Friend; wert thou with  
Him when he was kill'd?

*Teg.* Yes, upon my Soul, that I was, and I did houl over Him, and I askt him why he would leave Poor *Teg*; And i'faith I staid kissing his sweet Face, till the Rogues came upon me, and took away all from me; And I was naked till I got this Mantle, that I was: I have never any Victuals neither, but a little Snuff.

*Care.* Come, thou shalt live with me; love me As thou did'st thy Master.

*Teg.* That I will i'faith, if thou would'st be good too.

*Care.* Now to our business; for I came But last night my self; and the Lieutenant and I Were just going to seek a Solicitor.

*Blunt.* One may serve us all; what say you, Lieutenant, Can you furnish us?

*Lien.* Yes, I think I can help you to plough With a Heifer of their own.

*Care.* Now I think on't, *Blunt*, why did'st not Thou begin with the Committee-man's Cow?

*Blunt.* Plague on her, she lowbell'd me so, That I thought of nothing, But stood shrinking like a dead Lark.

*Lien.* But hark you, Gentlemen, there's an ill-tasting Dose To be swallowed first; there's a Covenant to be taken.

*Teg.* Well, what is that Covenant?

By my Soul I will take it for my new Master, If I cou'd, that I wou'd.

*Care.* Thank thee, *Teg*—A Covenant, say'st thou?

*Teg.* Well, where is that Covenant? —

*Care.* We'll not swear, Lieutenant.

*Lien.* You must have no Land then.

*Blunt.* Then farewell Acres, and may the Dirt choak them.

*Care.* 'Tis but being reduc'd to *Teg*'s Equipages; 'Tis a lucky thing to have a Fellow that can Teach one this cheap diet of Snuff.

*Lien.* Come, Gentlemen, we must lose no more time; I'll carry you to my poor House, where you shall lodge; For know, I am married to a most illustrious Person, That had a kindness for me.

*Care.* Prithee, how did'st thou light upon this good Fortune?

*Lien.* Why, you see there are Stars in *England*, Though none in *Ireland*: Come, Gentlemen, Time calls us; you shall have my Story hereafter.

*Blunt.* Plague on this Covenant.

*Lien.* Curse it not, 'twill prosper then.

*Care.* Come, *Teg*, however I have a Suit of Cloaths for thee; thou shalt lay by thy Blanket For some time: It may be thee and I may be Reduc'd together to thy Country Fashion.

*Teg.* Upon my Soul, Joy, for I will carry thee  
Then into my Country too.

*Care.* Why, there's the worst on't,  
The best will help it self.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.*

*Mr. Day.* Welcome, sweet Duck; I profess  
Thou hast brought home good Company indeed;  
Mony and Mony's worth: if we can  
But now make sure of this Heir, *Mrs. Arbella*,  
For our Son *Abel*.

*Mrs. Day.* If we can? you are ever at your (Ifs;)   
You're afraid of your own Shadow; I can tell you  
One (if) more; that is (if) I did not bear you up,  
Your Heart wou'd be down in your Breeches  
At every turn: well,—if I were gone,  
There's another If for you.

*Mr. Day.* I profess thou sayest true,  
I shou'd not know what to do indeed;  
I am beholding to thy good Counsel for many  
Good things; I had ne'er got *Ruth*  
Nor her Estate into my Fingers else.

*Mrs. Day.* Nay, in that business too you were at  
Your (Ifs:) Now you see she goes currantly  
For our own Daughter, and this *Arbella* shall be  
Our Daughter too, or she shall have no Estate.

*Mr. Day.* If we cou'd but do that, Wife?

*Mrs. Day.* Yet again at your Ifs?

*Mr. Day.* I have done, I have done; your Counsel,  
Good Duck; you know I depend upon that.

*Mrs. Day.* You may well enough, you find  
The sweet on't; and to say truth, 'tis known too well,  
That you relied upon it: In truth they are ready  
To call me the Committee-man; they well  
Perceive the weight that lies upon me, Husband.

*Mr. Day.* Nay, good Duck, no chiding now,  
But to your counsel.

*Mrs. Day.* In the first place (observe how I lay a design  
In Politicks) d'ye mark, counterfit me  
A Letter from the King, wherein he shall offer you great  
Matters to serve him, and his Interest, under hand;  
Very good, and in it let him remember his kind  
Love and Service to me: This will make them look  
About 'em, and think you some body: then promise them,  
If they'll be true Friends to you, to live and dye  
With them, and refuse all great Offers; then whilst 'tis warm  
Get the Composition of *Arbella's* Estate into your own power,  
Upon design of marrying her to *Abel*.

*Mr. Day.* Excellent.

*Mrs.*

Mrs. Day. Mark the luck on't too, their Names sound alike;  
*Abel* and *Arbella*, they are the same to a trifle,  
 It seemeth a Providence.

Mr. Day. Thou observest right, Duck,  
 Thou canst see as far into a Millstone as another.

Mrs. Day. Pish, do not interrupt me.

Mr. Day. I do not, good Duck, I do not.

Mrs. Day. You do not, and yet you do;  
 You put me off from the Concatenation of my Discourse:  
 Then, as I was saying, you may intimate  
 To your honourable Fellows, that one good turn  
 Deserves another. That Language is understood amongst you,  
 I take it, ha?

Mr. Day. Yes, yes, we use those *Items* often.

Mrs. Day. Well, interrupt me not.

Mr. Day. I do not, good Wife.

Mrs. Day. You do not, and yet you do;  
 By this means get her Composition put wholly into your hands,  
 And then, no *Abel*, no Land.——But——in the mean time  
 I would have *Abel* do his part too.

Mr. Day. Ay, ay, there's a want, I found it.

Mrs. Day. Yes, when I told you so before.

Mr. Day. Why, that's true, Duck, he is too backward;  
 If I were in his place, and as young as I have been.

Mrs. Day. O you'd do wonders; but now I think on't,  
 There may be some use made of *Ruth*;  
 'Tis a notable witty Harlotry.

——You were so, when I told you  
 I had thought on't first,——let me see, it shall be so:  
 We'll set her to instruct *Abel* in the first place;  
 And then to incline *Arbella*, they are Hand and Glove;  
 And Women can do much with one another.

Mr. Day. Thou hast hit upon my own thoughts.——

Mrs. Day. Pray call her in;  
 You thought of that too, did you not?

Mr. Day. I will, Duck. *Ruth*, why *Ruth*.

*Enter Ruth.*

*Ruth*. Your pleasure, Sir.

Mr. Day. Nay, 'tis my Wife's desire that——

Mrs. Day. Well, if it be your Wife's, she can best tell  
 It her self, I suppose: D'ye hear, *Ruth*, you may  
 Do a business that may not be the worse for you:  
 You know I use but few words.

*Ruth*. What does she call a few?——

Mr. Day. Look you now, as I said, to be short,  
 And to the matter, my Husband and I do design this

Mrs. *Arbella* for our Son *Abel*, and the young  
 Fellow is not forward enough; you conceive: Prethee give

[*Aside.*

Him

Him a little Instructions how to demean himself.  
 And in what manner to speak, which we call Address,  
 To her; for Women best know what will please Women;  
 Then work on *Arbella* on the other side, work, I say,  
 My good Girl, no more but so: you know my custom  
 Is to use but few words. Much may be said in a little.  
 You shan't repent it.

Mr. Day. And I say something too, *Ruth*.

Mrs. Day. What need you, do you not see it all  
 Said already to your hand? What sayest thou, *Girl*?

*Ruth*. I shall do my best. — I wou'd not lose  
 The Sport for more than I speak of. —

[*Aside*.

Mrs. Day. Go call *Abel*, good *Girl*. By bringing this  
 To pass, Husband, we shall secure our selves  
 If the King shou'd come; you'll be hanged else.

[*Exit Ruth*.

Mr. Day. Oh good Wife, let's secure our selves  
 By all means, there's a wife Saying, 'Tis good to have a  
 Shelter against every Storm. I remember that.

Mrs. Day. You may well, when you heard me say it so often.

*Enter Ruth with Abel*.

Mr. Day. O Son *Abel*, d'ye hear?

Mrs. Day. Pray hold your peace,  
 And give every body leave to tell their own Tale —  
 D'hear, Son *Abel*, I have formerly told you  
 That *Arbella* wou'd be a good Wife for you;  
 A word's enough to the Wife: some Endeavours must  
 Be used, and you must not be deficient. I have spoken  
 To your Sister *Ruth* to instruct you what to say,  
 And how to carry your self; observe her Directions, as  
 You'll answer the contrary; be confident, and put home.  
 Ha Boy, hadst thou but thy Mother's Pate. Well,  
 'Tis but a folly to talk of that that cannot be;  
 Be sure you follow your Sister's directions.

Mr. Day. Be sure, Boy. —  
 Well said Duck, I say.

[*Exeunt*.

— *Manent Ruth and Abel*.

*Ruth*. Now, Brother *Abel*.

*Abel*. Now, Sister *Ruth*?

*Ruth*. Hitherto he observes me punctually.  
 Have you a month's mind to this  
 Gentlewoman, Mistress *Arbella*?

[*Aside*.

*Abel*. I have not known her a Week yet.

*Ruth*. O cry you mercy, good Brother *Abel*.  
 Well, to begin then, You must alter your Posture,  
 And by your grave and high demeanour make your self  
 Appear a hole above *Obadiah*; lest your Mistress  
 Should take you for such another Scribble Scrabble as he is,  
 And always hold up your Head, as if it were

Bolster'd up with high matters, your Hands join'd  
Flat together, projecting a little beyond the rest of your  
Body, as ready to separate when you begin to open.

*Abel.* Must I go apace or softly?

*Ruth.* O gravely by all means, as if you were loaded  
With weighty Considerations; so——Very well.  
Now to apply our Prescription: Suppose now than I  
Were your Mistress *Arbella*, and met you by  
Accident; keep your Posture so, and when you come  
Just to me, start like a Horse that has spy'd  
Something on one side of him, and give a little gird  
Out of the way on a sudden; declaring that you  
Did not see her before, by reason of your deep  
Contemplations: then you must speak, let's hear.

*Abel.* God save you, Mistress.

*Ruth.* O fie Man, you shou'd begin thus; Pardon,  
Mistress, my profound Contemplations, in which I was so  
Buried that I did not see you: And then as she answers, proceed.  
I know what she'll say, I am so us'd to her.

*Abel.* This will do well, if I forget it not.

*Ruth.* Well, try once.

*Abel.* Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations,  
In which I was so hid, that you cou'd not see me.

*Ruth.* Better sport than I expected.

[Aside.]

Very well done, you're perfect: then she will answer,  
Sir, I suppose you are so busied with State-affairs,  
That it may well hinder you from taking notice  
Of any thing below them.

*Abel.* No Forsooth, I have some profound  
Contemplations, but no State-Affairs,

*Ruth.* O fie, Man, you must confess, that the weighty  
Affairs of State lie heavy upon you; but 'tis a burthen  
You must bear; and then shrug your Shoulders.

*Ab.* Must I say so? I am afraid my Mother will be angry,  
For she takes all the State-matters upon her self.

*Ruth.* Pish, did she not charge you to be rul'd by me?  
Why, Man, *Arbella* will never have you,  
If she be not made believe you can do great matters  
With Parliament Men, and Committee Men;  
How shou'd she hope for any good  
By you else in her Composition.

*Abel.* I apprehend you now, I shall observe.

*Ruth.* 'Tis well at this time, I'll say no more;  
Put your self in your Posture so:  
Now go look your Mistress;  
I'll warrant you the Town's our own!

*Abel.* I go.

[Exit Abel.]

*Ruth.* Now I have fix'd him, not to go off  
Till he discharges on his Mistress. I cou'd burst with laughing.

*Enter Arbella:**Arb.* What do'st thou laugh at, *Ruth*?*Ruth.* Didst thou meet my Brother *Abel*?*Arb.* No.*Ruth.* If thou hadst met him right,  
He had played at hard-head with thee.*Arb.* What do'st thou mean;*Ruth.* Why, I have been teaching him to woo,  
By command of my Superiors, and have instructed  
Him to hold up his Head so high, that of necessity he must  
Run against every thing that comes in his way.*Arb.* Who is he to woo?*Ruth.* Even thy own sweet self.*Arb.* Out upon him.*Ruth.* Nay, thou wilt be rarely courted;  
I'll not spoil the sport by telling thee any  
Thing beforehand; they have sent to *Lilly*,  
And his Learning being built upon knowing what most  
People wou'd have him say,  
He has told them for a certain, That *Abel* shall  
Have a rich Heiress, and that must be you.*Arb.* Must be.*Ruth.* Yes, Committee-Men can compel more than Stars.*Arb.* I fear this too late;You are their Daughter, *Ruth*?*Ruth.* I deny that.*Arb.* How?*Ruth.* Wonder not that I begin thus freely with you,  
'Tis to invite your Confidence in me.*Arb.* You amaze me.*Ruth.* Pray do not wonder, nor suspect,——  
When my Father, Sir *Basil Throughgood*, died, I was  
Very young, not above two years old; 'tis too long  
To tell you how this Rascal, being a Trustee,  
Catch'd me and my Estate, being the sole Heiress unto my  
Father, into his gripes; and now for some years  
Has confirm'd his unjust power by the unlawful  
Power of the times: I fear they have designs as bad as  
This on you: You see I have no reserve, and endeavour  
To be thought worthy of your Friendship.*Arb.* I embrace it with as much clearness,  
Let us love and assist one another.——

Wou'd they marry me to this their first-born Puppy?

*Ruth.* No doubt, or keep your Composition from you.*Arb.* 'Twas my ill fortune to fall into such hands,  
Foolishly enticed by fair words and  
Large promises of Assistance.*Ruth.* Peace.*Enter*

Enter Obadiah.

Obad. Mrs. Ruth, my Master is demanding your company,  
Together, and not singly, with Mrs. Arbella;  
You will find them in the Parlor:  
The Committee being ready to sit,  
Calls upon my Care and Circumspection to set in order  
The weighty matters of State,  
For their wise and honourable Inspection.

[Exit.

Ruth. We come; come, dear Arbella, never be perplex'd,  
Chearful Spirits are the best Bladders to swim with:  
If thou art sad, the weight will sink thee:  
Be secret, and still know me for no other than what  
I seem to be, their Daughter. Another time  
Thou shalt know all Particulars of my strange Story.

Arb. Come, Wench, they cannot bring us to compound  
For our Humours; they shall be free still.

[Exeunt.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Teg.

Teg. I'Faith my sweet Master has sent me to a  
Rascal, now that he has; I will go tell him so too:  
He ask'd me why he could not send one  
That cou'd speak *English*: Upon my soul, I was going  
To give him an *Irish* knock; the Devil's in them all,  
They will not talk with me; I will go near to  
Knock this Man's Pate, and that Man, Lilly's  
Pate too,—that I will: I will make them  
Prate to me, that I will. How now,  
What Noises are that?—

[One cries Books within.

Enter Book-seller crying his Books.

Book-sel. New Books, new Books, a desperate Plot  
And Ingagement of the bloody Cavaliers:  
Mr. Saltmarsh's Alarum to the Nation, after having  
Been three days dead, *Mercurius Britannicus*, &c.

Teg. How's that? now they cannot live in Ireland  
After they are dead three days!

Book-sel. *Mercurius Britannicus*, or the Weekly Post.  
Or, The Solemn League and Covenant.

Teg. What is that you say?  
Is it the Covenant, have you that?

Book-sel. Yes; what then, Sir?

Teg. Which is that Covenant?

Book-sel. Why, this is the Covenant.

Teg. Well, I must take that Covenant.

Book-sel. You take my Commodities?

*Teg.* I must take that Covenant, upon my Soul now, that I must.

*Book-fel.* Stand off, Sir, or I'll set you further.

*Teg.* Well, upon my Soul, now I will take  
That Covenant for my Master

*Book-fel.* Your Master must pay me for't then?

*Teg.* I faith now, they will make him pay for't  
After I have taken it for him.

*Book-fel.* What a Devil does the Fellow mean?

*Teg.* You will make me stay too long, that you will;  
Look you now, I will knock you down upon the Ground;  
If you will not let me take it.

*Book-fel.* Stand off, Sirrah.

*Teg.* I faith I will take it now.

[He throws the Fellow down, and takes away the Paper, and runs out.]

*Book-fel.* What a Devil ails this Fellow?

He did not come to rob me certainly,  
For he has not taken above two  
Penniworth of lamentable Ware away;  
But I feel the Rascal's Fingers; I may light  
Upon my wild *Irish* again, and if I do,  
I will fix him with some Catchpoles that shall  
Be worse than his own Country Bogs.

*Enter Careless, Blunt, and Lieutenant Story.*

*Lien.* And what say you, noble Colonels, how and how  
D'y'e like my Lady? I gave her the Title of Illustrious,  
From those illustrious Commodities which she deals in,  
Hot water, and Tobacco.

*Care.* Prithee how cam'st thou to think of Marrying?

*Lien.* Why, that which hinders Men from those  
Venereal Conditions, prompted me to Matrimony,  
Hunger and Cold, Colonel.

*Care.* Which you destroyed with a fat Woman,  
Strong Water, and stinking Tobacco.

*Lien.* No, faith, the Woman conduc'd but little,  
But the rest cou'd not be purchas'd without.

*Care.* She's beholding to you.

*Lien.* For all your mocking, she had been ruin'd  
If it had not been for me.

*Care.* Prethee make but that good?

*Lien.* With ease, Sir; why look you, —— you must  
Know she was always a most violent Cavalier,  
And of a most ready and large Faith; abundance of  
Rascals had found her soft place, and perpetually  
Wou'd bring her News, News of all Prices.  
They would tell her News from half a Crown, to a  
Gill of hot Water, or a pipe of the worst Mundungo:  
I have observ'd their usual Rates; they wou'd borrow  
Half a Crown upon a Story of five thousand Men up

In the North; a Shilling upon a Town's revolting,  
Six pence upon a small Castle, and consume hot Water  
And Tobacco, whilst they were telling news of Arms  
Convey'd into several parts, and Ammunition hid  
In Cellars; that at the last, if I had not married,  
And blown off these Flies, she had been absolutely consum'd.

*Care.* Well, Lieutenant, we are beholding to you  
For these hints; we may be reduc'd to as bad: see  
Where *Teg* comes. Goodness, how he smiles.

[*Enter Teg smiling.*]

Why so merry, *Teg*?

*Teg.* I have done one thing for thee now, that I have indeed.

*Care.* What hast thou done, Man?

*Teg.* I have taken the Covenant for thee,  
That I have, upon my Soul.

*Care.* Where hadst it thou?

*Teg.* Hadst it thou! I threw a Fellow down, that I did,  
And took it away for thy sweet sake; here it is now.

*Care.* Was there ever such a fancy? why didst thou think  
This was the way to take the Covenant?

*Teg.* Ay, upon my Soul that it is; look you there now  
Have not I taken it; is not this the Covenant?  
Tell me that then, I prethee.

*Blunt.* I am pleas'd yet,  
With the poor Fellow's mistaken Kindness;  
I dare warrant him honest to the best of his Understanding.

*Care.* This Fellow I prophesie will bring me into  
Many troubles by his mistakes: I must send him on  
No Errand but, How d'ye; and to such as I wou'd have  
No Answer from again:— Yet his simple Honesty  
Prevails with me, I cannot part with him.

*Lieu.* Come, Gentlemen, some calls; how now; who's this?

*Enter Obadiah, with four Persons more with Papers.*

*Care.* I am a Rogue if I have not seen a Picture  
In hangings walk as fast.

*Blunt.* 'Slife Man, this is that good Man of the Committee  
Family that I told thee of, the very Clerk;  
How the Rogue's loaded with Papers; Those are  
The winding sheets to many a poor Gentleman's Estate:  
'Twere a good deed to burn them all.

*Care.* Why, thou art not mad, art? well met Sir;  
Pray do not you belong to the Committee of Sequestrations?

*Obad.* I do belong to that honourable Committee,  
Who are now ready to sit for the bringing on the work.

*Blunt.* O Plague, what work, Ra—

*Care.* Prethee be quiet, Man. Are they to sit presently?

*Obad.* As soon as I can get ready, my Presence being material.

*Care.* What, wert thou mad; wou'dst thou have beaten  
The Clerk, when thou wert going to compound

With the Rascals his Masters.

*Blunt.* The sight of any of the Villains stirs me.

*Lieu.* Come, Colonels, there's no trifling;  
Let's make haste, and prepare your business, let's not lose  
This sitting, come along, along.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Arbella at one Door; Abel at another, as if he saw her not, and starts  
when he comes to her, as Ruth had taught him.*

*Arb.* What's the meaning of this, I'll try to steal by him.

*Abel.* Pardon, Mistress, my profound Contemplations,  
In which I was so hid that you cou'd not see me.

*Arb.* This is a set Form, — they allow it  
In every thing but their Prayers.

*Abel.* Now you shou'd speak, Forsooth.

*Arb.* *Ruth*, I have found you;  
But I'll spoil the-Dialogue.

[*Aside.*

— What shou'd I say, Sir?

*Abel.* What you please, Forsooth.

*Arb.* Why, truly, Sir, 'tis as you say; I did not see you.

*Enter Ruth as over-hearing them, and Peeps.*

*Ruth.* This is lucky.

*Abel.* No, Forsooth, 'twas I that was not to see you.

*Arb.* Why, Sir, wou'd your Mother be angry if you shou'd?

*Abel.* No, no, quite contrary, — I'll tell you that presently;  
But first I must say, that the weighty affairs I ye  
Heavy upon my Neck and Shoulders.

[*Shrugs.*

*Arb.* Wou'd he were ty'd Neck and Heels.

[*Aside.*

This is a notable Wench; look where the Rascal peeps too;  
If I shou'd becken to her she'd take no notice;

She's resolv'd not to relieve me.

[*Aside.*

*Abel.* Something I can do, and that with some body;  
That is, with those that are some bodies.

*Arb.* Whist, whist, — [*Beckons to Ruth, and she shakes her Head.*  
Prethee have some Pity?

O unmerciful Girl.

*Abel.* I know Parliament-men, and Sequestrators;  
I know Committee-men, and Committee-men know me.

*Arb.* You have great Acquaintance, Sir?

*Abel.* Yes, they ask my Opinion sometimes.

*Arb.* What Weather 'twill be; have you any skill, Sir?

*Abel.* When the Weather is not good, we hold a Fast.

*Arb.* And then it alters.

*Abel.* Assuredly.

*Arb.* In good time — No Mercy, Wench!

*Abel.* Our profound Contemplations  
Are caused by the Constervation of our Spirits  
For the Nation's good, we are in labour.

*Arb.* And I want a deliverance. Hark ye, *Ruth*,  
Take off your Dog, or I'll turn Bear indeed.

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* I dare not, my Mother will be angry.

*Arb.* O hang you.

*Abel.* You shall perceive that I have some power;  
If you please to—

*Arb.* O I am pleased! Sir, that you shou'd have power;  
I must look out my Hoods and Scarfs, Sir, 'tis a most time to go.

*Abel.* If it were not for the weighty matters of State  
Which lie upon my Shoulders, my self wou'd look them.

*Arb.* O by no means, Sir, 'tis below your Greatness:  
Some luck yet; she never came seasonably before.

*Enter Mrs. Day.*

*Mrs. Day.* Why how now, *Abel* got so close to *Mrs. Arbella*,  
So close indeed; nay then I smell something:

Well, Mr. *Abel*, you have been so us'd to secrecie  
In Council and weighty matters, that you have it  
At your Fingers ends: Nay, look ye Mistress, look ye,  
Look ye; mark *Abel's* Eyes: ah, there be Looks

*Ruth*, thou art a good Girl, I find *Abel* has got ground.

*Ruth.* I forbore to come in, till I saw your Honour,  
First enter; but I have o'er-heard all.

*Mrs. Day.* And how has *Abel* behav'd himself, Wench, ha?

*Ruth.* O beyond expectation: if it were lawful, I'd undertake  
He'd make nothing to get as many Womens good  
Wills as he speaks to; he'll not need much teaching,  
You may turn him loose.

*Arb.* O this plaguy Wench!

*Mrs. Day.* Sayest thou so Girl; it shall be something  
In thy way; a new Gown, or so, it may be a better penny:  
Well said, *Abel*, I say, I did think thou wou'dst come  
Out with a piece of thy Mother's at last:—

But I had forgot, the Committee are near upon sitting.  
Ha, Mrs. you are crafty; you have made your  
Composition before hand. Ah, this *Abel's* as bad  
As a whole Committee: Take that *Item* from me;  
Come, make haste, call the Coach, *Abel*; well said, *Abel*, I say.

*Arb.* We'll fetch our things and follow you. [*Exit Mrs. Day and Abel.*]  
Now Wench, canst thou ever hope to be forgiven?

*Ruth.* Why, what's the matter?

*Arb.* The matter! Coud'st thou be so unmerciful,  
To see me practis'd on, and pelted at, by a Blunderbuff  
Charg'd with nothing but proofs, weighty affairs,  
Spirit, profound Contemplation, and such like?

*Ruth.* Why, I was afraid to interrupt you; I thought  
It convenient to give you what time I cou'd,  
To make his young Honour your Friend.

*Arb.* I am beholding to you, I may cry quittance.

*Ruth.* But did you mark *Abel's* Eyes?

Ah, there were Looks!

*Arb.* Nay, prethee give off, my Hour's approaching,  
And I can't be heartily merry till it be past:  
Come let's fetch our things,  
Her Ladyship's Honour will stay for us.

*Ruth.* I'll warrant ye my Brother *Abel* is not in order yet,  
He's brushing a Hat almost a quarter of an Hour;  
And as long a driving the Lint from his black Cloaths  
With his wet Thumb.

*Arb.* Come prethee hold thy Peace,  
I shall laugh in's Face else when I see him come along:  
Now for an old Shooe.

[*Exeunt.*]

*A Table set out:*

*Enter the Committee as to sit, and Obadiah ordering Books and Papers.*

*Obad.* Shall I read your Honours last Order, and give you  
The Account of what you last debated?

*Mr. Day.* I first crave your Favours to communicate an  
Important Matter to this honourable Board, in which I shall  
Discover unto you my own Sincerity  
And Zeal to the good Cause.

*1 Com.* Proceed, Sir.

*Mr. Day.* The Business is contained in this Letter, 'tis from  
No less a Man than the King; and 'tis to me, as simple as I sit  
Here: Is it your Pleasures that our Clerk should read it?

*2 Com.* Yes, pray give it him.

*Obad. Mr. Day,*

[*Reads.*]

*We have received good Intelligence of your great Worth  
And Ability, especially in State-matters; and therefore thought  
Fit to offer you any Preferment, or Honour, that you shall desire,  
If you will become my intire Friend: Pray remember my  
Love and Service to your discreet Wife, and acquaint her  
With this; whose Wisdom I hear is great: so recommending  
This to her and your wise consideration, I remain Your Friend, C. K.*

*2 Com.* C. K.

*Mr. Day.* Ay, that's for the King.

*2 Com.* I suspect who brought you this Letter.

*Mr. Day.* O fie upon't, my Wife forgot that Particular.—  
Why, a Fellow left it for me, and shrunk away when he had  
Done, I warrant you he was afraid I shou'd have laid hold  
On him: You see, Brethren, what I reject; but I doubt not  
But to receive my Reward: and I have now a Business  
To offer, which in some measure may afford you an Occasion.

*2 Com.* This Letter was counterfeited certainly.

*Mr. Day.* But first be pleased to read your last Order.

*2 Com.* What, does he mean that concerns me?

*Obad.* The Order is, that the Composition arising out of  
*Mr. Dasselley's* Estate, be and hereby is invested and allow'd to  
The honourable *Mr. Nathaniel Catch,*

For and in respect of his Sufferings and good Service.

Mr. Day. It is meet, very meet, we are bound  
In Duty to strengthen our selves against the Day of Trouble,  
When the common Enemy shall endeavour to raise  
Commotions in the Land  
And disturb our new built *Zion*.

2 Com. Then I'll say nothing, but close with him, we must  
Wink at one another. I receive your Sense  
Of my Services with a zealous Kindness. Now, Mr. Day,  
I pray you propose your Business.

Mr. Day. I desire this honourable Board to understand;  
That my Wife being at *Redding*, and to come up in  
The Stage Coach; it hapened that one Mrs. *Arbella*,  
A rich Heir of one of the Cavalier Party, came up also in  
The same Coach; her Father being newly dead, and her  
Estate before being under Sequestration: My Wife, who  
Has a notable Pate of her own; you all know her;  
Presently cast about to get her for my Son *Abel*;  
And accordingly invited her to my House, where, though  
Time was but short, yet my Son *Abel* made use of it:  
They are without, as I suppose; but  
Before we call them in, I pray let us handle  
Such other Matters as are before us.

1 Com. Let us hear then what Estates besides  
Lye before us, that we may see how large a  
Field we have to walk in.

2 Com. Read.

Obad. One of your last Debates was upon the Plea  
Of an Infant, whose Estate is under Sequestration.

Mr. Day. And fit to be kept so till he comes of Age,  
And may answer for himself, that he may not  
Be in Possession of the Land, till he can promise  
He will not turn to the Enemy.

Obad. Here is another of almost the like Nature;  
An Estate before your Honours under Sequestration:  
The Plea is, That the Party died without any—  
For taking up Arms; but in his Opinion for the King  
He has left his Widow with Child, which will  
Be the Heir; and his Trustees complain of Wrong,  
And claim the Estate.

2 Com. Well, the Father in his Opinion was a Cavalier.

Obad. So it is given in.

2 Com. Nay, 'twas fit I warrant you, and there's a young  
Cavalier in his Widow's Belly; I warrant you that too;  
For the perverse Generation encreaseth; I move  
Therefore that their two Estates may remain in the Hands  
Of our Brethren here, and Fell w Labourers,  
Mr. *Joseph Blemish*, and Mr. *Jonathan Headstrong*,

And

And Mr. *Ezekiel Scrape*, and they to be accountable  
At our pleasures; whereby they may have a godly-  
Opportunity of doing good for themselves.

Mr. *Day*. Order it, order it.

3 *Com.* Since it is your pleasures, we are content  
To take the burthen upon us, and be  
Stewards to the Nation.

2 *Com.* Now verily it seemeth to me  
That the work goeth forward, when Brethren  
Hold together in Unity.

Mr. *Day*. Well, if we have now finish'd, give me leave  
To tell you, my Wife is without, together with  
The Gentlewoman that is to compound: She will  
Needs have a Finger in the Pie.

3 *Com.* I profess we are to blame to let Mrs. *Day* wait so long.

Mr. *Day*. We may not neglect the publick for private  
Respect. I hope Brethren, that you please to cast the  
Favour of your Countenances upon *Abel*.

2, 3. *Com.* You wrong us to doubt it, Brother *Day*.  
Call in the Compounders.

Enter Mrs. *Day*, *Abel*, *Arbella*, *Ruth*, and after them the Colonel and *Teg*;  
they give the Door-Keeper something, who seems to scrape.

Mr. *Day*. Come, Duck, I have told the honourable Committee  
That you are one that will needs endeavour  
To do good for this Gentlewoman.

2 *Com.* We are glad, Mrs. *Day*, that any occasion brings you hither.

Mrs. *Day*. I thank your Honours. I am desirous of doing  
Good, which I know is always acceptable in your Eyes.

Mr. *Day*. Come on Son *Abel*, what have you to say?

*Abel*. I come unto your Honours, full of profound  
Contemplations for this Gentlewoman.

*Arb.* 'Slife, he's at's Lesson, Wench.

*Ruth*. Peace, which Whelp opens next?  
O the Wolf is going to bark.

Mrs. *Day*. May it please your Honours, I shall presume  
To inform you, that my Son *Abel* has settled his Affections  
On this Gentlewoman, and desires your Honours favour  
To be shewn unto him in her Composition.

2 *Com.* Say you so, Mrs. *Day*? why the Committee have taken  
It into their serious and pious Consideration, together  
With Mr. *Day*'s good Service, upon some knowledge  
That is not fit to communicate.

Mrs. *Day*. That was the Letter I invented.

2 *Com.* And the Composition of this Gentlewoman is consign'd  
To Mr. *Day*, that is, I suppose, to Mr. *Abel*, and so consequently  
To the Gentlewoman. You may be thankful, Mistress,  
For such good Fortune, your Estate's discharg'd,  
Mr. *Day* shall have the Discharge.

[*Aside.*]

*Blunt.* O damn the Vultures!

*Care.* Peace, Man.

*Arb.* I am willing to be thankful when I understand the Benefit. I have no reason to compound for what's my own; But if I must, if a Woman can be a Delinquent, I desire to know my publick Censure, Not be left in private hands.

*2 Com.* Be contented, Gentlewoman, the Committee doest his In favour of you; we understand how easily you Can satisfy Mr. *Abel*; you may, if you please, by Mrs. *Day*.

*Ruth.* And then good night to all.

[*Aside.*

*Arb.* How, Gentlemen! are you private Marriage Jobbers, D'ye make Markets for one another?

*2 Com.* How's this, Gentlewoman?

*Blunt.* A brave noble Creature.

*Care.* Thou art smitten, *Blunt*; that other Female too; Methinks shoots fire this way.

Mrs. *Day*. I desire your Honours to pardon Her incessant words; perhaps she doth not imagine The good that is intended her?

*2 Com.* Gentlewoman, the Committee for Mrs. *Day*'s sake Passes by your Expressions; you may spare your pains, You have the Committee's Resolution, you may Be your own Enemy, if you will.

*Arb.* My own Enemy!

*Ruth.* Pieshee peace, 'tis to no purpose to wrangle here; We must use other ways.

*2 Com.* Come on, Gentlemen, what's your case?

*Ruth.* *Arbella*, there's the down-right Cavalier That came up in the Coach with us.

—On my Life there's a sprightly Gentleman with him!

*Care.* Our business is to compound for our Estates.

[*While they speak, the Colonels pull the Papers out and deliver 'em.*  
Of which here are the Particulars,  
Which will agree with your own Survey.

*Obad.* The Particulars are right.

Mr. *Day*. Well, Gentlemen, the Rule is two years purchase, The first payment down, the other at six months end, And the Estate to secure it.

*Care.* Can you afford it no cheaper?

*2 Com.* 'Tis our Rule.

*Care.* Very well, 'tis but selling the rest to pay this, And our more lawful debts.

*2 Com.* But, Gentlemen, before you are admitted, You are to take the Covenant; You have not taken it yet, have you?

*Care.* No.

And he has taken it from me, that he has.

*Ruth.* What sport are we now like to have?

2 *Com.* What Fellow's that?

*Care.* A poor simple Fellow that serves me. Peace, *Teg.*

*Teg.* Let them not prate so then.

2 *Com.* Well, Gentlemen, it remains

Whether you'll take the Covenant?

*Care.* This is strange, and differs from your own Principle,  
To impose on other Mens Consciences.

*Mr. Day.* Pish, we are not here to dispute, we act  
According to our Instructions, and we cannot admit any  
To compound without taking it; therefore your Answer.

*Teg.* Why was it for no matter then that I have taken  
The Covenant? You there, Mr. Committee,  
Do you hear that now?

*Care.* No, we will not take it, much good may it do then  
That have Swallows large enough;  
I will work one day in their Stomachs.

*Blunt.* The day may come, when those that suffer for their  
Consciences and Honours may be rewarded.

*Mr. Day.* Ay, ay, you make an Idol of that Honour.

*Blunt.* Our Worships then are different, you make that  
Your Idol which brings your Interest;  
We can obey that which bids us lose it.

*Arb.* Brave Gentlemen

*Ruth.* I stare at 'em till my Eyes ake.

2 *Com.* Gentlemen, you are Men of dangerous Spirits,  
Know, we must keep our Rules and Instructions, lest we  
Lose what Providence hath put into our hands.

*Care.* Providence, such as Thieves rob by?

2 *Com.* What's that, Sir, Sir, you are too bold?

*Care.* Why in good sooth you may give Losers  
Leave to speak; I hope your Honours, out of your bowels of  
Compassion, will permit us to take over our departing Acres.

*Mr. Day.* It is well you are so merry.

*Care.* O, ever whilst you live, clear Souls make light Hearts;  
Faith, wou'd I might ask one Question?

2 *Com.* Swear not then.

*Care.* Thou shalt not covet thy Neighbours Goods;  
There's a *Powland* for you *Oliver*; my Question is only,  
Which of all you is to have our Estates; or will you  
Make Traitors of them, draw 'em, and quarter them.

2 *Com.* You grow abusive.

*Blunt.* No, no, 'tis only to entreat the Honourable Persons  
That will be pleased to be our House-keepers, to keep them  
In good Reparations; we may take possession again  
Without the help of the Covenant.

2 *Com.* You will think better on't, and take this Covenant.

*Care.* We will be as rotten first as their Hearts;

That invented it.

*Ruth.* 'Slife, *Arbella*, we'll have those two Men;

There are not two such again, to be had for Love nor Mony.

*Mr. Day.* Well, Gentlemen, your Follies light upon your Own Heads; we have no more to say.

*Care.* Why then hoist Sails for a new World:

D'hear, *Blunt*, what Gentlewoman is that?

*Blunt.* 'Tis their witty Daughter I told thee of.

*Care.* I'll go to speak to 'em, I'd fain convert That pretty Covenanter.

*Blunt.* Nay, prithee let's go.

*Care.* Lady, I hope you'll have that good fortune, Not to be troubled with the Covenant.

*Arb.* If they do, I'll not take it.

*Blunt.* Brave Lady, I must love her against my will.

*Care.* For you, pretty one, I hope your Portion will Be enlarged by our Misfortunes; remember your Benefactors.

*Ruth.* If I had all your Estates, I cou'd afford you as good a thing.

*Care.* Without taking the Covenant?

*Ruth.* Yes, but I would invent another Oath.

*Care.* Upon your Lips?

*Ruth.* Nay, I am not bound to discover.

*Blunt.* Prithee come, is this a time to spend in fooling?

*Care.* Now have I forgot every thing.

*Blunt.* Come, let's go.

2 *Com.* Gentlemen, void the Room.

*Care.* Sure 'tis impossible that Kite Shou'd get that pretty Merlin.

*Blunt.* Come, prithee let's go; these Muck-worms will have Earth enough to stop their Mouths with one day.

*Care.* Pray use our Estates husband-like, and so, our Most honourable Bailiffs, farewell.

*Mr. Day.* You are rude: Door-keeper, put 'em forth there.

*Keep.* Come forth, ye there; this is not a place for such as you.

*Teg.* Ye are a Rascal, that you are now.

*Keep.* And please your Honours, this profane *Irish*-man swore An Oath at the door, even now, when I Wou'd have put him out.

2 *Com.* Let him pay for't.

*Keep.* Here, you must pay, or lye by the heels.

*Teg.* What must I pay, by the heels? I will not pay by The heels, that I will not, upon my Soul.

*Care.* Here, here's a Shilling for thee, be quiet.

*Teg.* Well, I have not curs'd you now, that I have not:  
What if I had curs'd then?

*Keep.* That had been Six-pence.

*Teg.* Upon my Soul now, I have but one Six-pence, that I  
Have not: Here, though, I will give it thee for a Curse; there  
Mr. Committee, now there is Six-pence for the Curse before-hand,  
Mr. Committee, and a Plague take you all. [Runs out.]

*Ruth.* Hark ye, *Arbella*, 'twere a sin not to love these Men.

*Arb.* I am not guilty, *Ruth*.

*Mrs. Day.* Has this honourable Board any other Command?

*2 Com.* Nothing farther, good *Mrs. Day*: Gentlewoman,  
You have nothing to care for, but be grateful  
And kind to Mr. *Abel*.

*Arb.* I desire to know what I must directly trust to,  
Or I will complain.

*Mrs. Day.* The Gentlewoman needeth not doubt, she shall  
Suddenly perceive the good that is intended her,  
If she does not interpose in her own light.

*Mr. Day.* I pray withdraw; the Committee has pass'd their  
Order, and they must now be private——

*2 Com.* Nay, pray, Mistress, withdraw——So, Brethren, we have  
Finish'd this day's work; and let us always keep  
The Bonds of Unity unbroken, walking hand in  
Hand, and scattering the Enemy.

*Mr. Day.* You may perceive they have Spirits never to be  
Reconcil'd; they walk according to Nature, and are  
Full of inward Darknefs.

*2 Com.* It is well truly for the good People, that they  
Are so obstinate, whereby their Estates may  
Of right fall into the hands of the Chosen, which  
Truly is a Mercy.

*Mr. Day.* I think there remaineth nothing farther.

But to adjourn till *Munday*: Take up the  
Papers there, and bring home to me their  
Honours Order for Mrs *Arbella's* Estate: So,  
Brethren, we separate our selves to our  
Particular endeavours, till we join in  
Publick on *Munday*, two of the Clock;  
And so Peace remain with you.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Col. Careless, Col. Blunt, and Lieutenant.*

*Lieu.* **B**Y my faith, a sad Story: I did apprehend this Covenant  
Wou'd be the Trap.

*Care.* Never did any Rebels fish with such Cormorants; no  
Stoppage about their Throats; the Rascals are all swallow.

*Blunt.* Now am I ready for any Plot; I'll go find some of these  
Agitants, and fill up a blank Commission with my Name.  
And if I can but find two or three gather'd together,  
They are sure of me; I will please my self, however,  
With endeavouring to cut their Throats.

*Care.* Or do something to make them hang us, that we may  
But part on any terms: Nothing anger'd me but that  
My old Kitchen-stuff-acquaintance look'd another  
Way, and seem'd not to know me.

*Blunt.* How, Kitchen-stuff-acquaintance!

*Care.* Yes, Mrs Day, that commanded the Party in the  
Hackney-Coach, was my Father's Kitchen-maid, and in  
Time of yore called Gillian. How now, Teg? [Enter Teg.  
What says the Learned?

*Teg.* Well then, upon my Soul, the Man in the great  
Cloak, with long Sleeves, is mad, that he is.

*Care.* Mad, Teg!

*Teg.* Yes i'faith is he; he bid me be gone, and said I was sent  
To mock him,

*Care.* Why, what didst thou say to him?

*Teg.* Well now, I did ask him if he wou'd take any Counsel.

*Care.* 'Slife, he might well enough think thou mock'dst him.  
Why, thou shou'dst have ask'd him when me might have  
Come for Counsel.

*Teg.* Well, that is all one, is it not? If he wou'd take any  
Counsel, or you wou'd take any Counsel, is not that all one then?

*Care.* Was there ever such a mistake?

*Blunt.* Prethee ne'er he troubled at this; we are past Counsel:  
If we had but a Friend amongst them, that cou'd but slide  
Us by this Covenant.

*Lieu.* Hark ye, Colonel; what if you did visit this translated  
Kitchen-maid?

*Teg.* Well, how is that? a Kitchen-maid? where is she now?

*Blunt.* The Lieutenant advises well.

*Care.* Nay, stay, stay; in the first place I'll send Teg to her  
To tell her I have a little business with her, and desire

To know when I may have leave to wait on her.

*Blunt.* We shall have *Teg* mistake again.

*Teg.* How is that so? I will not mistake that Kitchen-maid?  
Whither must I go now, to mistake that Kitchen-maid?

*Care.* But d'hear, *Teg*? you must take no notice of that, upon  
Thy Life; but on the contrary, at every word you must say,  
Your Ladyship, and your Honour; as for Example, when you have  
Made a Leg, you must begin thus; My Master presents  
His Service to your Ladyship, and having some business with  
Your Honour, desires to know when he may have leave  
To wait upon your Ladyship.

*Teg.* Well, that I will do: But was she  
Your Father's Kitchen-maid?

*Care.* Why, what then?

*Teg.* Upon my Soul I shall laugh upon her Face, for all  
I wou'd not have a mind to do it.

*Care.* Not for a hundred pounds, *Teg*; you must be sure to  
Set your Countenance, and look very soberly before you begin.

*Teg.* If I shou'd think then of any Kettles, or Spits, or  
Any thing that will put a mind into my head of a  
Kitchen, I shou'd laugh then, shou'd I not?

*Care.* Not for a thousand pounds, *Teg*; thou may'st undo us all.

*Teg.* Well, I will hope I will not laugh then? I will  
Keep my mouth if I can, that I will, from running  
To one side, and t'other side: Well now, where does  
This Mrs. *Tay* live?

*Lien.* Come, *Teg*, I'll walk along with thee, and shew thee  
The house, that thou mayest not mistake that however.

[*Exeunt Lieutenant and Teg.*]

*Care.* Prethee do, Lieutenant; have a care, *Teg*,  
Thou shalt find us in the Temple. Now *Blunt*, have I  
Another design.

*Blunt.* What further design canst thou have?

*Care.* Why by this means I may chance see these Women  
A gain, and get into their Acquaintance.

*Blunt.* With both, Man?

*Care.* 'Slife thou art jealous, do'st love either of 'em?

*Blunt.* Nay, I can't tell, all is not as 'twas.

*Care.* Like a Man that is not well, and yet knows  
Not what ailes him,

*Blunt.* Thou art something near the matter; but I'll  
Cure my self with considering, that no Woman can  
Ever care for me.

*Care.* And why prethee?

*Blunt.* Because I can say nothing to them.

*Care.* The less thou canst say, they'll like thee the better;  
She'll think 'tis Love that has ham-string'd thy Tongue:

*Arb.* You do, I hope, Sir; and 'tis no matter, Sir, if one of us know it.

*Enter Teg.*

*Teg.* Well, know? who are all you?

*Arb.* What's here, an *Irish* Elder come to examine us all?

*Teg.* Well know, what is your Names, ever one?

*Ruth.* *Arbella*, this is a Servant to one of the Colonels; upon My life, 'tis the *Irishman* that took the Covenant The right way.

*Arb.* Peace, what shou'd it mean?

*Teg.* Well, cannot some of you all say nothing?

*Mrs. Day.* Why how now Sauce-box? what wou'd you have? What, have you left your Manners without? go Out and fetch 'em in.

*Teg.* What shou'd I fetch now?

*Mrs. Day.* D'you know who you speak to, Sirrah?

*Teg.* Well, what are you then? upon my Soul In my own Country they can tell who I am.

*Abel.* You must not be so saucy unto her Honour.

*Teg.* Well, I will knock you, if you be saucy with me then.

*Ruth.* This is miraculous.

*Teg.* Is there none of you that I must speak to now?

*Arb.* Now, Wench, if he shou'd be sent to us.

*Teg.* Well I wou'd have one *Mrs. Tay* speak unto me.

*Mrs. Day.* Well, Sirrah, I am she; what's your business?

*Teg.* O so then, are you *Mrs. Tay*?

Well, I will look well first,

And I will set my Face in some worship; yes indeed that I will;

And I will tell her then what I will speak to her.

*Ruth.* How the Fellow begins to mould himself.

*Arb.* And tempers his Chops, like a Hound that has lap'd Before his Meat was cold enough.

*Ruth.* He looks as if he had some Gifts to pour forth; Those are *Mr. Day's* own white Eyes before he begins To say Grace: Now for a Speech ratling in his kecher, As if his words stumbled in their way.

*Teg.* Well, now I will tell thee. I'faith my Master, The good Colonel *Careless*, bid me ask thy good Ladyship— Upon my Soul now the Laugh will come upon me.

[*He laughs always when he says Ladyship or Honour.*]

*Mrs. Day.* Sirrah, Sirrah, what were you sent to abuse me?

*Ruth.* As sure as can be.

*Teg.* I'faith now I do not abuse thy good Hon. I cannot Help my Laugh now, I will try again now; I will not Think of a Kitchen then: My Master wou'd know Of your Ladyship—

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. Day. Did your Master send you to abuse me, you Rascal: By my Honour, Sirrah?

Teg. Why do'st thou mock thy self now, Joy?

Mrs. Day. Now, Sirrah, do I mock my self?

This is some *Irish* Traitor.

Teg. I am no Traitor, that I am not; I am an *Irish* Rebel; you are cozen'd now.

Mrs. Day. Sirrah, Sirrah, I will make you know who I am, an impudent *Irish* Rascal.

Abel. He seemeth a dangerous Fellow, and of a bold and Seditious Spirit.

Mrs. Day. You are a bloody Rascal, I warrant ye.

Teg. You are a foolish brabble bribble Woman, that you are.

Abel. Sirrah, we that are at the head of Affairs Must punish your Sauciness.

Teg. You shall take a knock upon your Pate, if you are Saucy with me, that I shall; you Son of a Roundhead, you.

Mrs. Day. Rascally Varlet, get you out of my Doors.

Teg. Will not I give you my Message then?

Mrs. Day. Get you out, Rascal.

Teg. I prethee let me tell thee my Message?

Mrs. Day. Get you out, I say.

Teg. Well then I care not neither; the Devil take Your Ladyship, and Honourship, and Kitchenship too: there now. [Exit.

Arb. Was there ever such a Scene? 'tis impossible To guess any thing.

Ruth. Our Colonels have don't, as sure as thou livest, to Make themselves sport; being all the Revenge that is in Their Power: Look, look, how her Honour trots about, Like a Beast stung with Flies.

Mrs. Day. How the Villain has distemper'd me! Out upon't too, that I have let the Rascal go unpunish'd. And you can stand by like a Sheep; run after him then, and Stop him; I'll have him laid by the heels, and Make him confess who sent him to abuse me:

Call help as you go, make haste I say.

[Exit Abel.

Ruth. 'Slid *Arbella*, run after him, and save the poor Fellow for Sakes sake; Stop *Abel* by any means, That he may scape.

Arb. Keep his Dam off, and let me alone with the Puppy.

[Exit.

Ruth. Fear not.

Mrs. Day. 'Uds my Life, the Rascal has heated me. — Now I Think on't, I'll go my self, and see it done: A saucy Villian!

Ruth. But I must needs acquaint your Honour with one thing First concerning Mrs. *Arbella*.

Mrs. Day. As soon as ever I have done. Is't good News, Wench?

Ruth.

*Ruth.* Most-Excellent; if you go out you may spoil all;  
Such a discovery I have made, that you will bless  
The Accident that anger'd you.

*Mrs. Day.* Quickly then, Girl.

*Ruth.* When you sent *Abel* after the *Irish-man*,  
*Mrs. Arbella's* Colour came and went in her Face, and at last  
Not able to stay, flunk away after him for fear the *Irish-man*  
Shou'd hurt him: she stole away, and blush'd the prettiest.

*Mrs. Day.* I protest he may be hurt indeed; I'll run my self too.

*Ruth.* By no means, Forsooth; nor is there any need on't;  
For she resolv'd to stop him before he cou'd  
Get near the *Irish-man*; she has done it, upon my Life;  
And if you shou'd go out you might spoil the kindest  
Encounter that the loving *Abel* is ever like to have.

*Mrs. Day.* Art sure of this?

*Ruth.* If you do not find she has stop't him,  
Let me ever have your Hatred; pray credit me.

*Mrs. Day.* I do, I do believe thee; come, we'll go in where  
I use to read, there thou shalt tell me all the particulars  
And the manner of it: I warrant 'twas pretty to observe.

*Ruth.* O, 'twas a thousand pities you did not see't,  
When *Abel* walk'd away so bravely, and foolishly after this  
Wild *Irish-man*: She stole such kind looks from her  
Own Eyes; and having rob'd her self, sent them after  
Her own *Abel*; and then——

*Mrs. Day.* Come, good Wench, I'll go in, and hear it all at  
Large; it shall the best Tale thou hast told these two days.  
Come, come, I long to hear all. *Abel* for his part needs  
No News by this time, come good Wench.

[Exit.

*Ruth.* So far I am right; Fortune take care for future things.

*Enter Blunt as taken by Bailiffs.*

*Blunt.* At whose Suit, Rascals?

*Bail.* You shall know that time enough.

*Blunt.* Time enough, Dogs; must I wait your leifures?

*Bail.* O you are a dangerous Man; 'tis such Traitors as you  
That disturb the Peace of the Nation.

*Blunt.* Take that, Rascal: if I had any thing at liberty  
Besides my Foot, I wou'd bestow it on you.

*Bail.* You shall pay dearly for this kick, before you are  
Let loose, and give good Special Bail: Mark that, my  
Surly Companion; we have you fast.

*Blunt.* 'Tis well, Rogues, you caught me conveniently;  
Had I been aware I wou'd have made some of your scurvy  
Souls my special Bail.

*Bail.* O, 'tis a bloody-minded Man; I'll warrant ye this  
Vile Cavalier has eat many a Child.

*Blunt.* I cou'd gnaw a piece or two of you, Rascals.

*Enter Careless.*

*Care.* How is this! *Blunt* in hold! you Catchpole,  
Let go your Prey, or ——— [*Draws, and Blunt in the scuffle throws up  
one of their heels, and gets a Sword, and helps drive them off.*]

*Bail.* Murder, Murder.

*Blunt.* Faith *Careless*, this was worth thanks, I was fairly going.

*Care.* What was the matter, Man?

*Blunt.* Why, an *Action* or two for Free Quarter, now made  
*Trover* and *Conversion*: Nay, I believe we shall be sued  
With an *Action* of *Trespass*; for every Field we have  
Marched over, and be indited for Riots, for going at  
Unseasonable hours, above two in a Company. [*Enter Teg running.*

*Care.* Well come, let's away.

*Teg.* Now upon my Soul run as I do; the Men in red  
Coats are running too, that they are, and they cry, Murder,  
Murder, I never heard such a noise in *Ireland*, that's true too.

*Care.* 'Slife we must shift several ways.

Farewel, if we scape we meet at night; I shall  
Take heed now.

*Teg.* Shall I tell of *Mrs. Tay* now?

*Care.* O good *Teg*, no time for Messages.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

*Enter Bailiffs and Soldiers.*

[*A Noise within.*

*Bail.* This way, this way; Oh Villains, my Neighbour  
*Swash* is hurt dangerously;  
Some good Soldiers, follow, follow.

*Enter Careless and Teg again.*

*Care.* I am quite out of breath, and the Blood-Hounds  
Are in a full Cry upon a burning Scent: Plague on 'em,  
What a noise the Kennels make? what Door's this  
That graciously stands a little open? what an Ass am I to ask?

*Teg.* scout abroad; if any thing happens extraordinary,  
Observe this Door; there you shall find me: be careful.

Now by your favour, Landlord, as unknown.

[*Exeunt severally.*

*Enter Mrs. Day and Obadiah.*

*Mrs. Day.* It was well observed, *Obadiah*, to bring the  
Parties to me first, 'tis your Master's will that I shou'd, as I  
May say, prepare Matters for him; in truth, in truth  
I have too great a burthen upon me: yet for the publick  
Good I am content to undergo it.

*Obad.* I shall with sincere care present unto your Honour  
From time to time such Negotiations, as I may discreetly  
Presume may be material for your Honour's inspection.

*Mrs. Day.* It will become you so to do? you have the  
Present that came last?

*Obad.* Yes, and please your Honour; the Gentleman  
Concerning her Brother's release, hath also  
Sent in a piece of Plate.

Mrs. Day. It's very well.

Obad. But the Man without, about a bargain of the King's Land, is come empty.

Mrs. Day. Bid him be gone, I'll not speak with him; He does not understand himself.

Obad. I shall intimate so much to him.

[As Obadiah goes out, Careless meets him and tumbles him back.

Mrs. Day. Why how now? what rude Companion's this? What wou'd you have? what's your business? what's the Matter? who sent you? who d'you belong to? who! —

Care. Hold, hold, if you mean to be answer'd to all These Interrogatories; you see I resolve to be your Companion, I am a Man, there's no great matter, no body sent me; nor I Belong to no body: I think I have answer'd to the cheif Heads.

Mrs. Day. Thou hast committed Murder for ought I know. How is't, Obadiah?

Care. Ha, what luck have I to fall into the Territories Of my old Kitchen Acquaintance; I'll proceed upon the Strength of Teg's Message, though I had no Answer.

Mrs. Day. How is't, Man?

Obad. Truly he came forceably upon me, and I fear Has bruised some Intellectuals within my Stomach.

[Ex. Obadiah.

Mrs. Day. Go in and take some Irish Salt by way of Prevention, and keep your self warm. Now, Sir, have you Any business, you that come in so rudely as if you did not Know who you came to. How came you in, Sir Royster? Was not the Porter at the Gate?

Care. No truly, the Gate kept it self, and stood gaping As if it had a mind to speak, and say, I pray come in.

Mrs. Day. Did it so, Sir? and what have you to say?

Care. Ay, there's the point? either she does not, or will Not know me: What shou'd I say? how dull am I? Pox on't, This Wit is a common Friend, when one has need on him, He won't come near one.

Mrs. Day. Sir, are you studying for an Invention? for ought I know you have done some Mischief, And 'twere fit to secure you?

Care. So that's well, 'twas pretty to fall into the Head Quarter of the Enemy.

Mrs. Day. Nay, 'tis e'en so, I'll fetch Those that shall examine you.

Care. Stay, thou mighty States-Woman, I did but Give you time to see if your Memory would but be so Honest, as to tell you who I am.

Mrs. Day. What d'you mean, Sauce-box?

Care. There's a Word yet of thy former Employments,

That

That Sauce ; you and I have been acquainted.

Mrs. Day. I do not use to have acquaintance with Cavaliers.

Care. Nor I with Committee-mens Utenfils; but in *Diebus illis*, you were not Honourable, nor I a Malignant. Lord, Lord, you are horrible forgetful. Pride comes with Godliness, and good Cloaths. What, you think I shou'd Not know you, because you are disguised with curl'd Hair, And white Gloves? Alas, I know you as well as if you were In your Sabbath days Cinamon Waist-coat, with a silver Edging round the Skirt?

Mrs. Day. How, Sirrah.

Care. And with your fair Hands bath'd in Lather, or With your fragrant Breath, driving the flatering Ambergreece off from the waving Kitchen-stuff.

Mrs. Day. O, you are an impudent Cavalier! I remember You now indeed; but I'll——

Care. Nay, but hark you the now Honourable, *Non obstante* past conditions; did not I send my Fool Man, An *Irish*-man with a civil Message to you? Why all this strangeness then?

Mrs. Day. How, how, how's this; was't you that sent That Rascal to abuse me, was't so?

Care. How now! what, Matters grow worse and worse?

Mrs. Day. I'll teach you to abuse those that are in Authority: Within there, who's within?

Care. 'Slife, I'll stop your Mouth, if you raise an Alarm.

[*Cries out, and he stops her Mouth.*]

Mrs. Day. Stop my Mouth, Sirrah? whoo, whoo, ho.

Care. Yes, stop your Mouth; what, are you good at a Who, bub, ha?

*Enter Ruth.*

Ruth. What's the matter, Forsooth?

Mrs. Day. The matter? why here's a rude Cavalier has Broke into my House; 'twas he too that sent the *Irish* Rascal To abuse me too within my own Walls: Call your Father, that He may grant his Order to secure him. 'Tis a dangerous Fellow.

Care. Nay, good pretty Gentlewoman, spare your motion, What must become of me? 'Teg has made some strange mistake.

Ruth. 'Tis he, what shall I do? (now Invention be equal to My Love.) Why, your Ladyship will spoil all? I sent for This Gentleman, and enjoy'd him Secrecy, even to you your self, [Aside. Till I had made his way. O fie upon't, I am to blame; but in Truth I did not think he would have come these two hours.

Care. I dare swear she did not; I might very probably Not have come at all.

Ruth. How came you to come so soon, Sir; 'twas three Hours before you appointed?

Care.

*Care.* Hey day, I shall be made believe I came hither  
On purpose presently.

*Ruth.* 'Twas upon a message of his to me, and please your  
Honour, to make his Desires known to your Ladyship, that he  
Had consider'd on't, and was resolv'd to take the Covenant,  
And give you five hundred Pound to make his Peace, and bring  
His business about again, that he may be  
Admitted in his first condition.

*Care.* What's this? d'hear, pretty Gentlewoman.

*Ruth.* Well, well, I know your mind, I have done your business.

*Mrs. Day,* Oh, his Stomach's come down!

*Ruth.* Sweeten him again, and leave him to me;  
I warrant you the five hundred Pound, and——

[Whispers.]

*Care.* Now I have found it: This pretty Wench has  
A mind to be left alone with me, at her peril.

*Mrs. Day.* I understand thee; well, Sir, I can pass by Rudeness  
When I am inform'd there was no Intention of it; I leave  
You and my Daughter to beget a right understanding.

*Care.* We should beget Sons and Daughters sooner:  
What does all this mean?

*Ruth.* I am sorry, Sir, that your Love for me  
Shou'd make you thus rash.

*Care.* That's more than you know, but you had a mind  
To be left alone with me; that's certain.

*Ruth.* 'Tis too plain, Sir, you'd ne'er have run your self  
Into this Danger else.

*Care.* Nay, now you're out; the Danger run after me.

*Ruth.* You may dissemble.

*Care.* Why, 'tis the proper business here; but we lose  
Time; you and I are left to beget right Understanding.  
Come, which way?

*Ruth.* Whither?

*Care.* To your Chamber or Closet.

*Ruth.* But I am engag'd you shall take the Covenant.

*Care.* No, I never swear when I am bid.

*Ruth.* But you wou'd do as bad?

*Care.* That's not against my Principles.

*Ruth.* Thank you for your fair Opinion, good Signior  
Principle, there lies your way, Sir. However I will own so much  
Kindness for you, that I repent not the Civility I have done,  
To free you from the Trouble you were like to fall into;  
Make me a Leg, if you please, and cry, Thank you; and so the  
Gentlewoman that desired to be left with you, desires  
To be left alone with her self, she being taught a right  
Understanding of you.

*Care.* No, I am riveted; nor shall you march off thus

With

With flying Colours: My pretty Commander in chief, let us Parley a little farther, and but lay down ingenuously the true State of our Treaty. The Business in short is this, we differ Seemingly upon two Evils, and mine the least; and therefore To be chosen, you had better take me, than I take the Covenant.

*Ruth.* We'll excuse one another.

*Care.* You wou'd not have me take the Covenant then.

*Ruth.* No, I did but try you, I forgive your idle Looseness; For that firm Virtue be constant to your fair Principles In spite of Fortune.

*Care.* What's this got into Petticoats — but d'hear, I'll not excuse you from my Proposition, notwithstanding My Release: Come, we are half way to a right Understanding — nay, I do love thee.

*Ruth.* Love Virtue, you have but here and there a Patch Of it; y'are ragged still.

*Care.* Are you not the Committee Day's Daughter?

*Ruth.* Yes, what then?

*Care.* Then am I thankful, I had no Defence against thee And Matrimony, but thy own Father and Mother, Which are a perfect Committee to my Nature.

*Ruth.* Why are you sure I wou'd have match'd with a Malignant, not a Compounder neither?

*Care.* Nay, I have made thee a Jointure against my Will; Methinks it were but as reasonable, that I shou'd do something For my Jointure, but by the Way of Matrimony honestly To encrease your Generation; this, to tell you truth, is Against my Conscience.

*Ruth.* Yet you wou'd beget right Understandings.

*Care.* Yes, I wou'd have 'em all Bastards.

*Ruth.* And me a Whore.

*Care.* That's a coarse Name; but 'tis not fit a Committee-Man's Daughter should be too honest, to the Reproach Of her Father and Mother.

*Ruth.* When the Quarrel of the Nation is reconcil'd, you And I shall agree; till when, Sir —

*Enter Teg.*

*Teg.* Are you herethen? upon my shoul the good Colonel *Blunt* is over-taken again now, and carried to the Devil, That he is, I faith now.

*Care.* How, taken and carried to the Devil!

*Teg.* He desired to go to the Devil, that he did, I wonder of My shoul he was not afraid of that.

*Care.* I understand it now; what mischief's this?

*Ruth.* You seem troubled, Sir.

*Care.* I have but a Life to lose, that I am weary of: Come, *Teg.*

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* Hold, you shan't go before I know the business;  
*What* we talk of?

*Care.* My Friend, my dearest Friend is caught up by rascally  
 Bailiffs, and carried to the Devil-Tavern; pray let me go.

*Ruth.* Stay but a Minute, if you have any Kindness for me.

*Care.* Yes, I do love you.

*Ruth.* Perhaps I may serve your Friend.

*Enter Arbella.*

*O Arbella.* I was going to seek you.

*Arb.* What's the Matter?

*Ruth.* The Colonel which thou lik'st is taken by Bailiffs,  
 There's his Friend too almost distracted: You know  
 The Mercy of these Times.

*Arb.* What do'st thou tell me? I am ready to sink down!

*Ruth.* Compose your self, and help him nobly; you have no  
 Way but to smile upon *Abel*, and get him to bail him.

*Enter Abel and Obadiah.*

*Arb.* Look where he and *Obadiah* comes; shou'd either  
 By Providence—O Mr. *Abel*, where have you been this long  
 Time? can you find of your heart to keep thus out of my Sight?

*Abel.* Assuredly, some important Affairs constrain'd my  
 Absence, as *Obadiah* can testify, *Bona fide*.

*Obad.* I can do so verily, my self being a material Party.

*Care.* Pox on 'em, how slow they speak.

*Arb.* Well, well, you shall go no more out of my Sight; I'll  
 Not be satisfied with your *Bona fide*: I have some Occasions  
 That call me to go a little way; you shall e'en go with me,  
 And good *Obadiah* too: you shall not deny me any thing.

*Abel.* Is it not meet I shou'd, I am exceedingly exalted;  
*Obadiah*, thou shalt have the best Bargain of all my Tenants.

*Obad.* I am thankful.

*Care.* What may this mean?

[*Aside.*]

*Arb. Ruth*, how shall we do to keep thy swift Mother  
 From pursuing us?

*Ruth.* Let me alone, as I go by the Parlor where she sits,  
 Big with Expectation, I'll give her a Whisper that we  
 Are going to fetch the very five hundred Pound.

*Arb.* How can that be?

*Ruth.* No question now. Will you march, Sir?

*Care.* Whither?

*Ruth.* Lord, how dull these Men in love are! why to your  
 Friend. No more Words.

*Care.* I will stare upon thee though.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Colonel Blunt brought in by Bailiffs.*

*Bail.* **A**Y, ay, we thought how well you'd get Bail.  
*Blunt.* Why, you unconscionable Rascal, are you  
 Angry that I am unlucky, or do you want some Fees?  
 I'll perish in a Dungeon before I'll consume with throwing  
 Sops to such Curs.

*Bail.* Chuse, chuse, come along with him.

*Blunt.* I'll not go your Pace neither, Rascals; I'll go softly,  
 If it be but to hinder you from taking up some other  
 Honest Gentleman

*Bail.* Very well, furly Sir, we will carry you where you  
 Shall not be troubled what Pace to walk; you'll find a  
 Large Bell, Blood is dear; not yours is it? a farthing a Pint  
 Were very dear for the best Urine you have.

*Enter Arbella, Ruth, Abel, Careless, and Obadiah.*

*Bail.* How now, are these any of your Friends?

*Blunt.* Never if you see Women, that's a Rule.

*Arb.* Nay, you need have no Scruple, 'tis a near Kinsman  
 Of mine; you do not think, I hope, that I wou'd let you suffer——  
 You——that must be nearer than a Kinsman to me.

*Abel.* But my Mother doth not know it.

*Arb.* If that be all, leave it to me and *Ruth*, we'll save  
 You harmless: Besides I cannot marry, if my Kinsman be in  
 Prison; he must convey my Estate as you appoint; for 'tis  
 All in him, we must please him.

*Abel.* The Consideration of that doth convince me.

*Obadiah.* 'tis necessary for us to set at liberty this Gentleman,  
 Being a Trustee for Mrs. *Arbella's* Estate; tell 'em therefore  
 That you and I will Bail this Gentleman——and——  
 D'hear, tell them who I am.

*Obad.* I shall. Gentlemen, this is the honourable  
 Mr. *Abel Day*, the first-born of the Honourable Mr. *Day*,  
 Chair-man of the Committee of Sequestrations, and I  
 My self by name *Obadiah*, and Clerk to the said  
 Honourable Committee.

*Bail.* Well, Sir, we know Mr. *Day*, and Mr. *Abel*.

*Abel.* Yes, that's I, and I will Bail this Gentleman; I believe  
 You dare not except against the Bail: nay, you shall have  
*Obadiah's* too, one that the State trusts.

*Bail.* With all our hearts, Sir——

But there are Charges to be paid.

*Arb.* Here, *Obadiah*, take this Purse and discharge them  
And give the Bailiffs twenty Shillings to drink.

*Blunt.* This is miraculous.

*Bail.* A brave Lady : I'faith Mistress we'll drink your Health.

*Abel.* She's to be my Wife, as sure as you are here;  
What say you to that now?

*Bail.* That's impossible ; here's something more in this:  
Honourable Mr. *Abel*, the Sheriff's Deputy is hard by in  
Another Room, if you please, to go thither,  
And give your Bail, Sir.

*Abel.* Well, shew us the way, and let him know who I am.

[*Exeunt Abel, Obadiah, and Bailiffs.*]

*Care.* Hark ye, pretty Mrs. *Ruth*, if you were not  
A Committee-man's Daughter, and so consequently  
Against Monarchy, two Princes shou'd  
Have you and that Gentlewoman.

*Ruth.* No, no, you'll serve my turn; I am not ambitious.

*Care.* Do but swear then that thou art not the Issue of  
Mr. *Day*, and though I know 'tis a Lie, I'll be content  
To be cozen'd, and believe.

*Ruth.* Fie, fie, you can't abide taking of Oaths; look,  
Look, how your Friend and mine take aim at one another :  
Is he smitten?

*Care.* *Cupid* has not such another wounded Subject,  
Nay, and is vex'd he is in love too;  
Troth 'tis partly my own case.

*Ruth.* Peace, she begins as need requires.

*Arb.* You are free, Sir.

*Blunt.* Not so free as you think.

*Arb.* What hinders it?

*Blunt.* Nothing, but I'll tell you.

*Arb.* Why, Sir?

*Blunt.* You'll laugh at me.

*Arb.* Have you perceived me apt to commit such a Rudeness,  
Pray let me know it?

*Blunt.* Upon two Conditions you shall know it.

*Arb.* Well, make your own Laws.

*Blunt.* First I thank you, you've freed me nobly; pray  
Believe it, you have this Acknowledgment from an  
Honest Heart, one that would crack a string for you,  
That's one thing

*Arb.* Well, the other.

*Blunt.* The other is only, that I may stand so ready,  
That I may be gone just as I have told it you; together  
With your Promise, not to call me back; and upon these

Terms I give you leave to laugh when I am gone. *Careless*,  
Come stand ready, that at the Sign given  
We may vanish together.

*Ruth*. If you please, Sir, when you are ready to start,  
I'll cry one, two, three, and away.

*Blunt*. Be pleased to forbear, good smart Gentlewoman,  
You have leave to jeer when I am gone, and am just going;  
By your Spleens leave a little Patience.

*Arb*. Prethee, peace.

*Ruth*. I shall contain, Sir.

*Blunt*. That's much for a Woman to do.

*Arb*. Now, Sir, perform your Promise.

*Blunt*. *Careless*, have you done with your Woman?

*Care*. Madam ———

*Blunt*. Nay, I have thank'd her already; Prethee no more  
Of that dull way of Gratitude; stand ready, Man; yet nearer  
The Door: so, now my Misfortune that I promised to  
Discover, is, that I love you above my Sense or Reason:  
So farewell, and laugh. Come, *Careless*.

*Care*. Ladies, your Lives are yours; be but so kind as to  
Believe it, till you have something to command.

[*Exeunt*.]

*Ruth*. Was there ever such Humour?

*Arb*. As I live his Confession shews nobly.

*Ruth*. It shews madly I am sure, an ill-bred Fellow, not  
Indure a Woman to laugh at him!

*Arb*. He's honest, I dare swear.

*Ruth*. That's more than I dare swear for my Colonel.

*Arb*. Out upon him.

*Ruth*. Nay, 'tis but for want of a good Example;  
I'll make him so.

*Arb*. But, dear *Ruth*, we were horribly to blame, that we  
Did not enquire where they lodg'd, under Pretence of sending  
To them about their own Business.

*Ruth*. Why, thy whimsical Colonel discharg'd himself off  
Like a Gun, there was no Time between the flashing in  
The Pan, and the going off, to ask a question: But hark ye,  
I have an Invention upon the old Account of the  
Five hundred Pound, which shall make *Abel* send  
His Pursuivant, *Obadiah*, to look 'em.

*Arb*. Excellent! the Trout *Abel* will bite immediately at  
That Bait: The Message shall be as from his Master *Day*, Senior,  
To come and speak with him; they'll think  
Presently 'tis about their Composition, and come certainly.  
In the mean time we'll prepare them with Counter Expectations.

*Enter*

*Obad.* Upon that Consideration I shall attend a little.

*Care.* Go wait upon him; now *Teg* or never;

*Teg.* I will make him so drunk as can be, upon my Soul.

*Blunt.* What a Devil shou'd this Message mean?

[*Exeunt.*

*Care.* 'Tis too plain; this Cream of Committee Rascals, who has Better Intelligence than a State-Secretary, has heard Of his Son *Abel's* being hamper'd, in the Cause of the Wicked, and in Revenge wou'd intice us to Perdition.

*Blunt.* If *Teg* cou'd be so fortunate as to make him drunk, We might know all.

*Care.* If the close-hearted Rogue will not be open mouth'd, We'll leave him pawn'd for all our Scores, and stuff his Pockets With blank Commissions.

*Blunt.* Only fill up one with his Master's Name.

*Care.* And another with his Wife's Name for Adjutant-General, Together with a Bill of Ammunition hid under *Day's* House, And make it be digg'd down, with scandal of Delinquency.

A Rascal, to think to invite us into *Newgate*!

*Blunt.* Well, we must resolve what to do.

*Care.* I have a Fancy come into my Head that may produce An admirable Scene.

*Blunt.* Come, let's hear.

*Care.* 'Tis upon supposition, that *Teg* makes him drunk, And by the way 'tis a good Omen, that we have no sober Apparition in that wavering Posture of Frailty; we'll send him Home in a Sedan, and cause him to be deliver'd in that Good-natur'd Condition, to the ill-natur'd Rascal His Master.

*Blunt.* It will be Excellent: How I pray for *Teg* To be Victorious!

*Enter Musician.*

*Mus.* Gentlemen, will you have any Musick?

*Blunt.* Prethee no, we are out of tune.

*Care.* Pish, we never will be out of Humour. Do'st hear, Canst sing us a Malignant Sonnet?

*Mus.* I can sing many Songs. You seem honest Gentlemen.

*Care.* Cavaliers thou mean'st. Sing without any apprehension.

S O N G.

NOW the Vail is pull'd off, and this pitiful Nation  
Too late see the guilt of a Kirk-Reformation,  
How all Things that shou'd be  
Are turn'd topsie turvey;  
The Freedom we have,  
Our Prince made a Slave

*And the Masters must now turn the Waiters.  
 The great ones obey,  
 While the Rascals do sway,  
 And the Loyal to Rebels are Traytors.*

*The Pulpits are crowded with Tongues of their own,  
 And the Preachers spiritual Committee-men grown,  
 To denounce Sequestration  
 On Souls of old Fashion,  
 They Rail and they Pray,  
 Till they quite Preach away  
 The Wealth that was once the wise City's.  
 The Courts in the Hall,  
 Where the Lawyers did bawl,  
 Are turn'd into pious Committees.*

*Care.* This Song has rais'd my Spirits: Here, sing always  
 For the King; I wou'd have every Man in his Way do something  
 For him; I wou'd have Fiddlers sing for him, Parsons pray  
 For him, Men fight for him, Women scold for him, and  
 Children cry for him, and according to this Rule,  
*Teg* is drinking for him: But see,

*Enter Teg, and Obadiah drunk.*  
 See and rejoice, where *Teg* with Laurel comes.

*Blunt.* And the vanquish'd *Obadiah*, with nothing fix'd  
 About him but his Eyes.

*Care.* Stay, sing another Song in the behalf of  
 Compounders, if thou canst, that the Vapours of the Wine  
 May have full power to ascend up to the Firmament of  
 This truly reformed Coxcomb.

## S O N G.

**C**ome, Drawer, some Wine,  
 Let it sparkle and shine,  
 And make its own Drops fall abounding;  
 Like the Hearts it makes light,  
 Let it flow pure and right,  
 And a Plague take all kind of Compounding.

*We'll not be too wise,  
 Nor try to advise,  
 How to suffer, and gravely despair:  
 For Wisdom and Parts  
 Sit brooding on Hearts,  
 And there they catch nothing but Care.*

Not a Thought shall come in  
But what brings our King,  
Let Committees be damn'd with their Gain;  
We'll send by this Stealth  
To our Hearts our King's Health  
And there in Despite he shall reign.

[Obadiah repeating with him.]

Care. This is Sport beyond modest Hopes. How I will  
Adore Sack, that can force this Fellow to Religion. The Rogue  
Is full of Worship.

Teg. Well now, upon my Soul, Mr. Obed  
Commit sings as well as the Man now:  
Come then will you sing an *Irish* Song after me?

Obad. I will sing *Irish* for the King now.

Teg. I will sing for the King as well as you. Hark you now.

Obad. That is too hard stuff; I cannot do these and these  
Material Matters. [He sings an *Irish* Song, and Obadiah tries—

Teg. Here now, we will take some Snuff for the King — so  
There lay it upon your Hand; put one of your Noses to it now,  
So snuff it now. Upon my Soul, Mr. Obed Commit will make  
A brave *Irish*-man.

Obad. I will snuff for the King no more. Good Mr. Teg,  
Give me some more Sack, and sing *English* for my Mony.

Teg. I well tell you that *Irish* is as good and better too.  
Come now we will dance: Can you play an *Irish* Tune?  
Can you play this now?

Mus. No, Sir, but I can play you excellent *Irish* Jig. [They Dance.

Care. This is beyond Thought: So this Motion  
Like a tumbled Barrel has set the Liquor a working again.  
Now for a Chair.

Blunt. Drawer who waits there?

[Enter Drawer.

Drawer. What d'you want, Gentlemen?

Blunt. Call a Chair presently, and bring their Chair into  
This Room; here's a Friend of ours overtaken.

Drawer. I go, Sir.

[Exit.

Care. Teg, thou hast done Miracles, thou art a good Omen,  
And hast vanquish'd the cause in this overthrow of this  
Counterfeit Rascal its true Epitome: And now, Teg,  
According to the words of Condemnation, we'll send him  
To the place from whence he came.

Teg. Upon my shoul he's dead now, shall I howl as we do  
In Ireland?

Care. How's that, Teg?

Teg. Yo, yo.

[Howls.

Care. No more, good Teg, lest you give an Alarm to the  
Enemy. Welcome, honest Fellow; by your Looks you seem so.

# The Committee.

*Enter Chair-men with a Sedan.*

*Ch.* How Colonel, have you forgot your poor Soldier Ned?

*Care.* Why, this is a miraculous Pursuit of good Fortune, Honest Ned; what turn'd Chair-man?

*Ch.* Any thing for Bread and Beer, noble Colonel, shall I Have the Honour to carry you?

*Care.* No, Ned, is thy Fellow honest?

*Ch.* Or I'd be hang'd before I carry a Chair an Inch with him.

*Care.* 'Tis well — look you, Ned, that Fellow is Mr. Day The Committee-man's Clerk, whom with wonderful Industry We have made drunk: Just as he is, pack him up in thy Chair, And immediately transport him to his Master Day's House; And in the very Hall turn him out. There's half a Crown For thy pains.

*Ch.* If I fail, say Ned's a Coward: Come, shall we put your short Wing'd Worship into your Mew. Come along.

*[They put him in and Exit.]*

*Care.* Farewel, Ned: Teg, come, you must carry some Money to one or two confident Friends of mine; We'll pay our Reckoning at the Bar, then go home and laugh; And if you will plot some Way to see our enchanting Females Once more; they make me so long —

*[Exit.]*

*Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.*

*Mrs. Day.* Dispatch quickly I say, and say I said it; many Things fall between the lip and the cup.

*Mr. Day.* Nay, Duck, let thee alone for Counsel. Ah, If thou hadst been a Man.

*Mrs. Day.* Why then you wou'd have wanted a Woman, And a Helper too.

*Mr. Day.* I profess so, I shou'd, and a notable one too, though I say't before thy face, and that's no ill one.

*Mrs. Day.* Come, come, you are wandering from the matter; Dispatch the Marriage I say, whilst she is thus taken with Our Abel. Women are uncertain.

*Mr. Day.* How if she shou'd be coy?

*Mrs. Day.* You are at your ifs again; if she be foolish, Tell her plainly what she must trust to, no Abel, no Land; Plain dealing's a Jewel: Have you the Writings drawn As I advis'd you, which she must sign?

*Mr. Day.* Ay, I warrant you, Duck; Here, here they be. Oh she has a brave Estate.

*Mrs. Day.* What news you have.

*Mr. Day.* Look you, Wife.

*[Day pulls out Writings, and lays out his Keys.]*

*Mrs. Day.* Pish, teach your Grannam to spin; let me see.

*Enter*

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* May it please your Honour, your good Neighbour *Zechariah* is departing this troublesome Life: he has made Your Honour his Executor, but cannot depart Till he has seen your Honours.

*Mr. Day.* Alas, alas, a good Man will leave us. Come, good Duck, let us hasten: Where is *Obadiah* to usher you?

*Mrs. Day.* Why *Obadiah*, a Varlet to be out of the way at Such a time; truly he moveth my Wrath. Come Husband, along, I'll take *Abel* in his place. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Ruth and Arbella.*

*Ruth.* What's the meaning of this Alarm? there's some Carion Discover'd; the Crows are all gone upon a sudden.

*Arb.* The she-*Day* call'd most fiercely for *Obadiah*; Look here, *Ruth*, what have they left behind?

*Ruth.* As I live, it is the *Day's* bunch of Keys, which he always Keeps so closely:—Well——if thou hast any metal, Now's the time.

*Arb.* To do what?

*Ruth.* To fly out of *Egypt*.

*Enter Abel.*

*Arb.* Peace, we are betray'd else; as sure as can be, Wench, He's come back for the Keys.

*Ruth.* We'll forswear 'em in confident Words, and no less Confident Countenances.

*Abel.* An important affair hath call'd my Honourable Father And Mother forth, and in the Absence of *Obadiah* I am enforced To attend their Honours, and therefore I conceiv'd it right And meet to acquaint you with it; least in my absence you Might have apprehended, that some Mischance had befallen My Person: therefore I desire you to receive Consolation; And so I bid you heartily farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Arb.* Given from his Mouth this tenth of *April*, he Put me in a cruel fright.

*Ruth.* As I live, I am all over in such a Dew as hangs about a Still when 'tis first set a going; but this is better and better: There was never such an opportunity to break Prison. I know the very places in his Closet where the Composition of your Estate lies, and where the Deeds of my Own Estate lie. I have cast my Eye upon them often When I have gone up to him on errands, and to call Him to Dinner. If I miss, hang me.

*Arb.* But whither shall we go?

*Ruth.* To a Friend of mine, and of my Father's, that lives Near the Temple, and will harbour us; fear not, and so set Up for our selves, and get our Colonels.

*Arb.* Nay, the Mischief that I have done, and the Condition We are in, makes me as ready as thou art: come let's about it.

*Ruth.* Stay, do you stand Centinel here, that's the Closet-Window; I'll call for thee, if I need thee; and Be sure to give notice of any news of the Enemy.

*Arb.* I warrant thee, may but this departing Brother have So much string of Life left him as may tie this expecting Day To his Bedside, till we have committed this honest Robbery—— Hark!——what's that——this apprehension can make a noise When there is none.

[Exit.]

*Ruth.* I have 'em, I have 'em; nay the whole Covey, And his Seal at Arms bearing a Dog's Leg.

*Arb.* Come make haste then.

[Above.]

*Ruth.* As I live here's a Letter counterfeited from the King, To the Rascal his rebellious Subject Day; with a Remembrance To his discreet Wife; nay, what do'st thou think these are? I'll but cast my Eye upon these Papers that were Schismatically, And lay in Separation: What do'st think they are?

*Arb.* I can't tell; nay prethee come away.

*Ruth.* Out upon the precise Baboon: They are Letters from two Wenches, one from an encrease of Sallary To maintain his unlawful Issue; another from a Wench That had more Conscience than he, and refus'd To take the Physick that he prescrib'd, to take away A natural Tympany.

*Arb.* Nay, prethee dispatch.

*Ruth.* Here be abundance more; come run up, and help Me carry 'em. We'll take the whole Index of his Rogueries? We shall be furnish'd with such Arms, offensive and defensive, That we shall never need Sue to him for a League. Come, make haste.

*Arb.* I come.

*Enter Chair-men with the Sedan.*

[Exit.]

1 *Ch.* Come open this portable Tomb: 'Slife, here's nothing in it; Ferret him or he'll never bolt. It looks as if we had brought A basket Hare to be set down and hunted.

2 *Ch.* He's dead.

1 *Ch.* Dead drunk, thou mean'st; turn up the Chair, and turn Him out as they do Badgers caught in a Sack: Shake, Man; So, now he fallies.

[Obadiah tumbles out of the Chair, and sings as at the Tavern—— of the Song; and Enter Arbella and Ruth from robbing the Closet.]

*Arb.* What's this? we are undone.

*Obad.* Mr. Teg, will you dance, Mr. Teg.?

*Ruth.* Put a good Face on'r, or give me the Van. O, 'tis Obadiah fallen.

*Arb.*

*Arb.* Nay, and cannot rise neither: d'hear, honest Friends,  
Was this zealous Gentleman your freight.

*Ch.* Yes, Mistress, two honest Gentlemen took care of him, seeing  
Him thus devoutly over-taken.

*Arb.* It was our Colonels, that thought *Day* sent him to trapan  
Them, as sure as can be.

*Ruth.* No doubt on't; how unmerciful they are, *Arbella*,  
Every minute to do something or other to encrease  
Our Whimfie—Are you paid?

*Ch.* Yes, Mistress.——'Slife we shall be paid double.

*Ruth.* Stay, where did you leave the two  
Careful-minded Gentlemen?

*Ch.* Why do you ask, Mistress?

*Ruth.* For no hurt. Can't carry us near the place?

*Bail.* Yes, Mistress; sure there's no danger in Women.

*Arb.* What do'st mean?

*Ruth.* The same that thou do'st, to see 'em if I can;  
Is't near *Temple-Bar*?

*Ch.* Hard by, Mistress.

[*Obadiah sings.*]

*Ruth.* Come in, there's my Friend lives hard by; fear not,  
We can never fly so conceal'd—May that Nightingale continue  
His Note, till the Owl *Day* returns to hear him: Come,  
Honest Fellow, stay over against the place where you  
Left the Gentlemen; we have some business with them;  
We'll pay you, and they'll thank you: so good night, Mr. *Day*.

*Ch.* I warrant you, Mistress. Come along, *Tom*.

*Obad.* Some small Beer, good Mr. *Teg*.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter as return'd, Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, and Abel.*

*Mr. Day.* He made a good End, and departed as unto Sleep.

*Mrs. Day.* I'll assure you his Wife took on grievously;  
I do not believe she'll marry this half year.

*Mr. Day.* He died full of Exhortation. Ha, Duck,  
Shou'dst be sorry to lose me?

*Mrs. Day.* Lose you; I warrant you you'll live as long as  
A better thing—Ah, Lord, what's that?

[*Obadiah sings.*]

*Mr. Day.* How now! what's this? how!——*Obadiah*——  
And in a drunken distemper assuredly!

*Mrs. Day.* O fie upon't, who wou'd have believ'd that he  
Shou'd have liv'd to have seen *Obadiah* overcome with the  
Creature? Where have you been, Sirrah?

*Obad.* D---d---drinking, the Ki---Ki---King's Health.

*Mr. Day.* O terrible, some Disgrace put upon us, and shame  
Brought within our Walls; I'll go lock up my  
Neighbour's Will, and come down and shew him

A Reproof.---How---how---I cannot feel my Keys---nor---

[*He feels in his Pocket, and leaps up to*  
Hear

Hear 'em jingle. Didst thou see my Keys, Duck?

Mrs. Day. Duck me no ducks; I see your Keys, see a Fools Head of your own: Had I kept them, I warrant they had been Forth coming: You are so slappish, you throw 'em up and Down at your Tail: Why don't you go look if you have Not left them in the Door?

Mr. Day. I go, I go, Duck.

Mrs. Day. Here, *Abel*, take up this fallen Creature, who has Left his Uprightness; carry him to a Bed, and when he is Return'd to himself, I will exhort him.

*Abel*. He is exceedingly over-whelmed.

[Exit.

*Obad*. Stand away, I say, and give me some Sack, that I may drink a Health to the King, and let Committees Be damn'd with their Gain.  
Where's Mr. Teg?

[He goes to lift him.

[Obadiah sings.

Enter Mr. Day.

Mr. Day. Undone, undone, robb'd, rob'd, the Door's left Open, and all my Writings, Papers stolen, undone, undone.  
*Ruth, Ruth!*

Mrs. Day. Why *Ruth*, I say; Thieves, Thieves!

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the matter, Forsooth? here have been no Thieves, I have not been a Minute out of the House.

Mrs. Day. Where's *Ruth*, and Mrs. *Arbella*?

Serv. I have not seen them a pretty while.

Mr. Day. 'Tis they have rob'd me, and taken away The Writings of both their Estates. Undone, undone!

Mrs. Day. This came with staying for you, Coxcomb, We had come back sooner else; yes, slow Drone, we must Be undone for your Dullness.

*Obad*. Be not in Wrath.

Mrs. Day. I'll Wrath you, ye Rascal you, teaching you, Drunken Rascal, and you sober Dullman.

*Obad*. Your Feet are swift and violent; their Motion Will make them fume.

Mrs. Day. D'ye lie too, ye drunken Rascal?

Mr. Day. Nay Patience, good Duck, and let's lay out For these Women; they are the Thieves.

Mrs. Day. 'Tis you that left your Keys upon the Table To tempt them: ye need cry, good Duck, be patient. Bring in The drunken Rascal, ye Booby; when he is sober he may Discover something. Come take him up; I'll have 'em hunted.

[Exeunt.

*Abel*. I rejoice yet in the midst of my Sufferings, that my Mistress Saw not my Rebukes. Come, *Obadiah*, I pray raise your self Upon your Feet, and walk.

*Obad*.

*Obad.* Have you taken the Covenant? that's the question.

*Abel.* Yea.

*Obad.* And will you drink a Health to the King?

That's t'other Question.

*Abel.* Make not thy self a Scorn.

*Obad.* Scorn in thy Face; void, young Satan.

*Abel.* I pray you walk in, I shall be assisting.

*Obad.* Stand off, and you shall perceive by my stedfast going,  
That I am not drunk. Look ye now ——— so, softly, softly; gently,  
Good *Obadiah*, gently and steadily, for fear it should be said  
That thou art in drink: so, gently and uprightly, *Obadiah*.

*Abel.* You do not move.

[*He moves his Legs, but stands still.*]

*Obad.* Then do I stand still, as fast as you go.

*Enter Mrs. Day.*

*Mrs. Day.* What, stay all Day? there's for you, Sir;  
You are a sweet Youth to leave in trust; along you  
Drunken Rascals, I'll set you both forward.

*Obad.* the Philistines are upon us, and *Day* is broke loose  
From Darkneſs, with keeping has made her fierce.

*Mrs. Day.* Out, you drunken Rascal, I'll make  
You move, you Beast:

[*She beats 'em off.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

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A C T

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Book-seller and Bailiffs, having laid hold on Teg.*

*Book-sel.* Come along, Sir, I'll teach you to take Covenants.

*Teg.* Will you teach me then; did I not take It then? Why will you teach me now?

*Book-sel.* You shall pay dearly for the Blows you struck me, My Wild Irish, by St. Patrick, you shall.

*Teg.* What have you now to do with St. Patrick? he will Scorn your Covenant.

*Book-sel.* I'll put you, Sir, where you shall have worfe Liquor, Than your Bonny-Clabber.

*Teg.* Bonny-Clabber! by my Goships Hand now you are A Rascal if you do not love Bonny-Clabber, and I will break Your Pate if you will not let me go to my Master.

*Book-sel.* O you are a impudent Rascal. Come, away with him.

*Enter Careless.*

*Care.* How now, hold, my Friend; whither do You carry my Servant?

*Book-sel.* I have arrested him, Sir, for striking me, and taking Away my Books.

*Care.* What has he taken away?

*Book-sel.* Nay, the value of the thing is not much; 'Twas the Covenant, Sir.

*Teg.* Well, I did take the Covenant, and my Master took it From me, and we have taken the Covenant then, have we not?

*Care.* Here, honest Fellow, here's more than thy Covenant's Worth; here, Bailiffs, here's for you to drink.

*Book-sel.* Well, Sir, you seem an honest Gentleman; for Your sake, and in hopes of your Custom, I release him.

*Bail.* Thank ye, noble Sir.

*Care.* Farewell, my noble Friends — So — d'hear, *Teg.* Pray take no more Covenants, — Have you paid the Mony I sent you with?

*Teg.* Yes, but I will carry no more, look you there now.

*Care.* Why, *Teg*?

*Teg.* God sa'my Soul now, I shall run away with it.

*Care.* Pish, thou art too honest.

*Teg.* That I am too upon my Soul now; but the Devil is Not honest; that he is not; he would not let me alone When I was going; but he made go to this little long Place, And t'other little long Place; and upon my Soul was carrying

[*Exeunt.*]

Me

Me to *Ireland*, for he made me go by a dirty Place like a Lough Now; and therefore I know now it was the way to *Ireland*: Then I wou'd stand still, and then he wou'd make me go on; And then I wou'd go to one side, and he wou'd make me go To t'other side; and then I got a little farther, and did Run then; and by my Soul the Devil cou'd not catch me; And then I did pay the Mony: But I will carry no more Mony now that I will not.

*Care.* But thou sha't, *Teg.* when I have more to send; Thou art Proof now against Temptations.

*Teg.* Well then, if you send me with Mony again, and if I Do not come again within the Time, the Devil will make me Be gone then with the Mony: Here is a Paper for thee, 'Tis a quit way indeed.

*Care.* That's well said, *Teg.*—

[*Reads.*]

*Enter Mr. Day, Obadiah, and Soldiers.*

*Obad.* See, Sir, Providence hath directed us; there is one Of them that cloathed me with shame, and the most malignant Among the Wicked.

*Mr. Day.* Soldiers, seize him, I charge him with Treason; Here's a Warrant to the Keeper, as I told you.

*I Sold.* Nay, no Resistance now.

*Care.* What's the Matter, Rascals?

*Mr. Day.* You shall know that to your Cost hereafter, Away with him.

*Care.* *Teg.* tell 'em I shall not come home to Night, I am engag'd.

*Teg.* I prethee ben't engag'd.

*Care.* Gentlemen, I am guilty of nothing, that I know of.

*Mr. Day.* That will appear, Sir: Away with him.

*Teg.* What will you do with my Master now?

*Mr. Day.* Be quiet, Sir, or you shall go with him.

*Teg.* That I will for all you now.

*Care.* *Teg.* come hither.

[*Whisper.*]

*Teg.* Must not I go with you then?

*Care.* No, no, be sure to do as I tell you.

*Mr. Day.* Away with him, we will be aveng'd on the Scornor, And I'll go home and tell my Duck this part of my good Fortune. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Chairmen with a Sedan, the Women come out.*

*Ruth.* So far we are right; now, honest Fellow, step over And tell the two Gentlemen, that we two Women desire To speak with them

*Enter Blunt, and Lieutenant.*

*I Ch.* See, Mistress, here's one of them.

*Ruth.* That's thy Colonel, *Arbella*, catch him quickly, Or he'll fly again.

*Arb.* What shou'd I do?

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* Put forth some good words, as they use to  
Shake Oats when they go to catch a skittish Jade.  
*Advance.*

*Arb.* Sir.

*Blunt.* Lady — 'tis she.

*Arb.* I wish, Sir, that my Friend and I had some conveniency  
Of speaking with you; we now want the Assistance of  
Some noble Friend.

*Blunt.* Then I am happy; bring me but to do something  
For you; I wou'd have my Actions talk, not I: My Friend  
Will be here immediately; I dare speak for him too —  
Pardon my last Confusion; but what I told you was as true  
As if I had staid —

*Ruth.* To make Affidavit of it.

*Blunt.* Good over-charged Gentlewoman,  
Spare me but a little.

*Arb.* Prethee peace; canst thou be merry, and we in  
This Condition? Sir, I do believe you noble, truly worthy:  
If we might withdraw any wither out of Sight,  
I wou'd acquaint you with the Business.

*Lien.* My House, Ladies, is at that Door, where both  
The Colonels lodge: Pray command it, Colonel *Careless*  
Will immediately be here.

*Enter Teg.*

*Teg.* Well now, my good Master will not come;  
That Commit Rogue *Day* has got him with Men in red Coats,  
And he is gone to Prison here below this Street;  
He wou'd not let me go with him I faith,  
But made me come tell thee now.

*Rut.* O my Heart — Tears by your leave a while --- [*Wipes her Eyes.*  
D'hear, *Arbella*, here, take all the Tripkets, only the bait that  
I'll use; accept of this House, here let me find thee, I'll try my  
Skill; nay, talk not.

*Blunt.* *Careless* in Prison! Pardon me, Madam, I must  
Leave you for a little while; pray be confident,  
This honest Friend of mine will use you with  
All respects till I return.

*Arb.* What do you mean to do, Sir?

*Blunt.* I cannot tell, yet I must attempt something;  
You shall have a sudden Account of all things;  
You say you dare believe,

Pray be as good as your word; and  
Whatever Accident befalls me, know I love you dearly:  
Why do you weep?

*Arb.* Do not run your self into a needless danger.

*Blunt.* How, d'you weep for me? pray let me see, never Woman

*Did*

Did so before, that I know of, I am ravish'd with it; the Round gaping Earth ne'er suck'd Show'rs so greedily, As my Heart drinks these; Pray if you love me, be but So good and kind to confess it.

*Arb.* Do not ask what you may tell your self.

*Blunt.* I must go, Honour and Friendship call me: Here, Dear Lieutenant, I never had a Jewel but this; use it as Right ones shou'd be used; do not Breath upon it, but Gaze as I do, ——— hold ——— one Word more; the Soldier that You often talk'd of to me is still honest.

*Lieu.* Most perfectly.

*Blunt.* And I may trust him.

*Lieu.* With your Life.

*Blunt.* Enough, ——— pray let me leave my last Looks fix'd Upon you--- So, I love you, and am honest; be careful, Good Lieutenant, of this Treasure --- She weeps still -- I cannot go, I must ---

*Lieu.* Madam, pray let my House be honoured with you; Be confident of all Respect and Faith.

*Arb.* What Uncertainties pursue my Love and Fortune.

*Enter Ruth with a Soldier.*

[Exit.

[Exeunt:

*Ruth.* Come, give me the Bundle, he now the Habit; 'Tis well, there's for your Pains, be secret, and wait Where I appointed you.

*Sol.* If I fail, may I die in a Ditch, and there lie, And out-stink it.

[Exit.

*Ruth.* Now for my wild Colonel; first, here's a Note, With my Lady Day's Seal to it, for his Release; if that fails (As he that will shoot at these Rascals must have two Strings To his Bow) then here's my Red-Coat's Skin to disguise him, And a String to draw up a Ladder of Cords, which I have Prepared against it grows dark; one of them will hit sure, I must have him out, and I must have him when he is out: I have no Patience to expect --- Within there -- ho. ———

*Enter Keeper.*

*Ruth.* Have you not a Prisoner, Sir, in your Custody, One Colonel Careless?

*Keep.* Yes, Mistress, and committed by your Father Mr. Day.

*Ruth.* I know it; but there is a Mistake in it; here's a Warrant For his Delivery, under his Hand and Seal.

*Keep.* I wou'd willingly obey it, Mistress; but there's a general Order come from above, that all the King's Party shou'd be kept Close, and none releas'd but by the States Order.

*Ruth.* This goes ill. May I speak with him, Sir?

*Keep.* Very freely, Mistress, there's no Order to forbid any to come To him: To say Truth, 'tis the most pleasant Gentleman.

—— I'll call him forth.

*Ruth.* O'my Conscience every thing must be in love with him;  
Now for my last Hopes; if this fail, I'll use the Ropes  
Myself.

*Enter Keeper and Careless.*

*Care.* Mr. Day's Daughter speak with me?

*Keep.* Ay, Sir, there she is.

[*Exit.*

*Ruth.* O Sir, does the Name of Mr. Day's Daughter  
Trouble you? you love the Gentlewoman, but hate his Daughter.

*Care.* Yes, I do love that Gentlewoman you speak of most  
Exceedingly.

*Ruth.* And the Gentlewoman loves you: But what Luck  
This is, that Day's Daughter shou'd ever be with her to spoil all!

*Care.* Not a whit one way; I have a pretty Room ——  
Within, dark, and convenient.

*Ruth.* For what?

*Care.* For you and I to give Counter-Security for  
Our Kindness to one another.

*Ruth.* But Mr. Day's Daughter will be there too?

*Care.* 'Tis dark, we'll ne'er see her.

*Ruth.* You care not who you are wicked with; methinks  
A Prison shou'd tame you.

*Care.* Why, d'you think a Prison takes away Blood  
And Sight? As long as I am so qualified, I am Touch-wood, and  
When ever you bring Fire, I shall fall a burning.

*Ruth.* And you wou'd quench it.

*Care.* And you shall kindle it again.

*Ruth.* No, you will be burnt out at last, burnt to a Coal,  
Black as dishonest Love.

*Care.* Is this your Business? Did you come to disturb my  
Contemplations with a Sermon? Is this all?

*Ruth.* One thing more; I love you, it's true; but I love you  
Honestly, if you know how to love me virtuously, I'll free  
You from Prison, and run all Fortunes with you.

*Care.* Yes, I cou'd love thee all manner of ways;  
If I cou'd not, Freedom were no Bait; were it from Death  
I shou'd despise your Offer to bargain for a Lie. —— But ——

*Ruth.* Oh noble —— but what?

*Care.* The Name of that Rascal that got thee: yet I lie  
Too, he ne'er got a Limb of thee. Pox on't, thy Mother  
Was as unlucky to bear thee: But how shall we salve that;  
Take but off these Incumbrances, and I'll purchase thee in  
Thy Smock; but to have such a Flaw in my Title.

*Ruth.* Can I help Nature?

*Care.* Or I Honour? Why, hark you now, do but swear  
Me into a pretence, do but betray me with an Oath, that thou  
Wert not begot on the Body of Gillian

My

My Father's Kitchen-Maid.

*Ruth.* Who's that?

*Care.* Why, the honourable Mrs. *Day*, that now is.

*Ruth.* Will you believe me if I swear?

*Care.* Ay that I will, though I know all the while 'tis not true,

*Ruth.* I swear then by all that's good,

I am not their Daughter.

*Care.* Poor kind perjur'd pretty one, I am beholding  
To thee; wou'dst damn thy self for me?

*Ruth.* You are mistaken; I have try'd you fully;  
You are noble, and I hope you love me; be ever firm to  
Virtuous Principles: My Name is not so godly a one  
As *Ruth*, but plain *Anne*, and Daughter to Sir *Basil Thorowgood*,  
One perhaps that you have heard of, since in the World he  
Has still had so loud and fair a Character: 'tis too long to tell  
You how this *Day* got me an Infant, and my Estate  
Into his Power, and made me pass for his own Daughter,  
My Father dying when I was but two Years old.  
This I knew but lately, by an unexpected meeting of an ancient  
Servant of my Father's: But two Hours since *Arbella* and I  
Found an Opportunity of stealing away all the Writings that  
Belong'd to my Estate, and her Composition: In our flight  
We met your Friend, with whom I left her as soon as I had  
Intelligence of your Misfortune, to try to get your Liberty;  
Which if I can do, you have an Estate, for I have mine.

*Care.* Thou more than——

*Ruth.* No, no, Raptures at this time; here's your Disguise  
Purchas'd from a true-hearted Red-coat; here's a Bundle,  
Let this Line down when 'tis almost dark, and you shall draw  
Up a Ladder of Ropes; if the Ladder of Ropes be done sooner,  
I'll send them by a Soldier that I dare trust; and you may,  
Your Window's large enough: As soon as you receive it  
Come down; if not, when 'tis dusk, let down your Line;  
And at the bottom of the Window you shall find yours,  
More than her own, not *Ruth*, but *Anne*.

*Care.* I'll leap into thy Arms.——

*Ruth.* So you may break your Neck: If you do, I'll jump too.  
But time steals on our Words; observe all I have told you:  
So farewell.——

*Care.* Nay, as the good Fellows use to say, let us not part  
With dry Lips.——One kiss.

*Ruth.* Not a bit of me, till I am all Yours.

*Care.* Your Hand then, to shew I am grown reasonable.  
A poor Compounder.

*Ruth.* Pish, there's a direy Glove upon't.——

*Care.* Give me but any naked part, and I'll kiss it as a Snail.

Creeps, and leave Signs where my Lips slid along——

*Ruth.* Good Snail, get out of your Hole first; think of Your Business. So fare——

*Care.* Nay, prethee be not ashamed that thou art loth To leave me. 'Slid, I am a Man, but I'm as arrant a Rogue, as thy *Quondam* Father Day, if I cou'd not cry to leave thee A Brace of Minutes.

*Ruth.* Away, we grow foolish--farewel---yet be careful——  
Nay go in.

*Care.* Do you go first.

*Ruth.* Nay, fie, go in.

*Care.* We'll fairly thee divide the Victory,  
And draw off together--So--I will have the last Look.

[*Exeunt severally, looking at one another.*]

*Enter Blunt, and a Soldier.*

*Blunt.* No more Words; I do believe, nay, I know thou art Honest. I may live to thank thee better.

*Sold.* I scorn any Encouragement to love my King, or those That serve him. I took Pay under these People, With a Design to do him Service; the Lieutenant knows it.

*Blunt.* He has told me so, no more Words, thou art a noble Fellow; thou art sure his Window's large enough?

*Sold.* Fear it not.

*Blunt.* Here then, carry him this Ladder of Ropes: So now give Me the Coat; say not a Word to him, but bid him dispatch When he sees the Coast clear; he shall be waited for at The bottom of his Window. Give him thy Sword too if He desires it.

*Sold.* I'll dispatch it instantly, therefore get to your Place.

*Blunt.* I warrant ye.

[*Exit Sold.*]

*Enter Teg.*

*Teg.* Have you done every thing then? By my shoul now, Yonder is the Man with the hard Name; that Man now, that I Made drunk for thee, Mr. *Tay's* Rascal; he is coming along There behind, now upon my Shoul that is he

*Blunt.* The Rascal comes for some Mischief. *Teg.* now or Never play the Man.

*Teg.* How shou'd I be a Man then?

*Blunt.* Thy Master is never to be got out, if this Rogue Gets hither; meet him therefore, *Teg.* in the most winning Manner thou canst, and make him once more drunk, and it Shall be call'd the Second Edition of *Obadiab*, put forth With *Irish* Notes upon him; and if he will not go drink with thee——

*Teg.* I will carry him upon my Back-side, if he will not go; And if he will not be drunk, I will cut his Throat then, that I will for my sweet Master now, that I will.

*Blunt.*

*Blunt.* Dispatch, good *Teg*, and dispatch him too if he will  
Not be conformable; and if thou canst but once more  
Be victorious, bring him in Triumph, to Lieutenant *Story's*,  
There shall be the general Rendezvous: Now or never, *Teg*.

*Teg.* I warrant you, I will get Drink into his Pate, or I will  
Break it for him; that I will, I warrant you: He shall  
Not come after you now.

*Blunt.* Good Luck go with thee: The Fellow's faithful and  
Stout; that Fear's over: Now to my Station.

[*Exeunt.*

*Careless as in Prison.*

*Care.* The Time's almost come, how slow it flutters?  
My Desires are better wing'd: how I long to counterfeit  
A Faintness when I come to the Bottom, and sink into the Arms  
Of this dear witty Fair!---Ha, who's this?

*Enter Soldier.*

*Sold.* Here, Sir, here's a Ladder of Ropes, fasten it to your  
Window, and descend: you shall be waited for.

*Care.* The careful her Creature has sent it---but d'hear, Sir,  
Cou'd you not spare that Implement by your Side; it might  
Serve to keep off small Curs.

*Sold.* You'll have no need on't, but there 'tis, make haste,  
The Coast is clear.

[*Exit.*

*Care.* O this pretty she Captain General over my Soul  
And Body; the Thought of her musters every Faculty I have:  
She has sent the Ropes, and stays for me; no Danger of the  
Ropes, ever slide down with that Swiftnes (of Desire of haste)  
That I will make to thee.

*Enter Blunt in his Soldier's Coat.*

[*Exit.*

*Blunt.* All's quiet, and the Coast clear; so far it goes well;  
That is the Window, in this Nook I'll stand, till I see him  
Coming down.

*Careless above in his Soldiers habit, lets down the Ladder  
of Ropes, and speaks.*

[*Steps in.*

*Care.* I cannot see my North Star that I must Sail by, 'tis  
Clouded, only she stands close perhaps in some Corner;  
I'll not trifle Time, all's clear; Fortune, forbear  
Thy Tricks, but for this small Occasion.

*Enter Blunt*

*Blunt.* What's this, a Soldier in the place; *Careless*,  
I am betray'd; but I'll end this Rascal's Duty.

*Care.* How, a Soldier! betray'd! this Rascal sha'n't laugh at me.

*Blunt.* Dog.

*Care.* How, *Blunt*!

*Blunt.* *Careless*!

*Care.* You guess shrewdly; Plague, what Contrivance  
Hath set you and I tilting at one another?

*Blunt.* How the Devil got you a Soldier's Habit?

*Care.* The same Friend, for ought I know, that furnish'd you.

This

This kind Gentlewoman is *Ruth* still. Ha, here she is;  
I was just ready to be suspicious.

*Enter Ruth, with a Ladder of Ropes.*

*Ruth.* Who's there?

*Care.* Two notable charging Red-Coats.

*Ruth.* As I live, my Heart is at my Mouth.

*Care.* Prethee, let it come to thy Lips, that I may kiss it;  
What have you in your Lap?

*Ruth.* The Ladder of Ropes: How a Gods Name got you hither?

*Care.* Why, I had the Ladder of Ropes, and came down by it.

*Blunt.* Then the Mistake is plainer; 'twas I that sent the  
Soldier with the Ropes.

*Ruth.* What an Escape was this! come, let's lose no time;  
Here's no Place to explain Matters in.

*Care.* I will stay to tell thee, I shall never deserve thee.

*Ruth.* Tell me so when you have had me a little while. Come,  
Follow me, put on your plainest Garb; not like a dancing

Master, with your Toes out. Come along,  
Hang down your Heads, [Ruth pulls their Hats over their Eyes.  
As if you wanted Pay. So. [Exeunt.

*Enter Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, Abel, and Mrs. Chat.*

*Mrs. Day.* Are you sure of this, Neighbour *Chat*?

*Mrs. Chat.* I'm as sure of it, as I am that I have a Nose to my Face.

*Mrs. Day.* Is my——

You may give one Leave methinks to ask out one question.  
Is my Daughter *Ruth* with her?

*Mrs. Chat.* She was not when I saw *Mrs. Arbella* last; I have not  
Been so often at your Honours House, but that I know  
*Mrs. Arbella*, the rich Heir, that *Mr. Abel* was to have had.  
Good Gentleman, if he has his due; they never suspected  
Me for——to buy things of my Neighbour *Story's* before she  
Married the Lieutenant; and stepping in to see *Mrs. Story*  
That now is; Neighbour *Wish-well*, that was; I saw, as  
I told you, this very *Mrs. Arbella*, and I warrant *Mrs. Ruth*  
Is not far off.

*Mrs. Day.* Let me advise then, Husband.

*Mr. Day.* Do, good Duck, I'll warrant 'em.

*Mrs. Day.* You'll warrant when I have done the Business.

*Mr. Day.* I mean so, Duck.

*Mrs. Day.* Well pray spare your Meaning too; first then  
We'll go our selves in Person to this *Story's* House, and in the  
Mean time send *Abel* for Soldiers; and when he has brought  
The Soldiers, let them stay at the Door, and come up himself,  
And then if fair Means will not do, foul shall.

*Mr. Day.* Excellent well advised, sweet Duck;

Ah let thee alone. Be gone, *Abel*, and observe thy Mother's

Directions.

Directions. Remember the place. We'll be reveng'd for Robbing us, and for all their Tricks.

*Abel.* I shall perform it.

*Mrs. Day.* Come along, Neighbour, and shew us the best Way. And by and by we shall have News from *Obadiab*, who is gone To give the t'other Colonel's Gaper a double Charge to keep The wild Youth close. Come, Husband, let's hasten. *Mrs. Chat*, The State shall know what good Service you have done.

*Mrs. Chat.* I thank your Honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Arbella and Lieutenant.*

*Lien.* Pray, Madam, weep no more; spare your Tears till You know they have miscarried.

*Arb.* 'Tis a Woman, Sir, that weeps; we want Mens Reasons And their Courage to practise with.

*Lien.* Look up, Madam, and meet your unexpected Joys.

*Enter Ruth, Careless, and Blunt.*

*Arb.* Oh my dear Friend, my dear, dear *Ruth*.

*Care.* Pray none of these Phlegmatick Hugs; there, take Your Colonel, my Captain and I can hug afresh every Minute.

*Ruth.* When did we hug last, good Soldier?

*Care.* I have done nothing but hug'd thy Infancy, ever since You *Ruth* turn'd *Annice*.

*Arb.* You are welcome, Sir, I cannot deny I shar'd in all your Danger.

*Lien.* If she had deny'd it, Colonel, I would have betray'd her.

*Blunt.* I know not what to say, nor how to tell; how dearly, How well—I love you.

*Arb.* Now can't I say I love him, yet I have A mind to tell him too.

*Ruth.* Keep't in and choak your self, or get the rising of the Lights.

*Arb.* What shall I say?

*Ruth.* Say something, or he'll vanish.

*Blunt.* D'ye not believe I love you, or can't you love me? Not a Word? cou'd you—but—

*Arb.* No more, I'll save you the labour of Courtship, which Shou'd be too tedious to all plain and honest Natures: It is enough, I know you love me.

*Blunt.* Or may I perish whilst I am swearing it.

*Lien.* How now, *Jack*!

*Enter Prentice.*

*Pren.* O Master, undone! here's Mr. *Day* the Committee-man, And his fierce Wife, come into the Shop: *Mrs. Chat* Brought them in, and they say they will come up, they know That *Mrs. Arbella*, and their Daughter *Ruth*, are here: Deny'em if you dare, they say

*Lien.* Go down, Boy, and tell 'em I'm coming to 'em; this pure Jade, my Neighbour *Chat*, has betray'd us; what shall I do?

I warrant the Rascal has Soldiers at his Heels: I think I  
 Could help the Colonels out at a back Door.

*Blunt.* I'd dye rather by my *Arbella*; Now  
 You shall see I love you.

*Care.* Nor will I *Charles* forsake you *Annice*.

*Ruth.* Come, be chearful, I'll defend you all against  
 The Assaults of Captain *Day*, and Major-General *Day*, his  
 New drawn up Wife; give me my Ammunition, the Papers,  
 Woman. So, if I do not rout 'em, fall on; let's all dye together,  
 And make no more Graves but one.

*Blunt.* 'Slife, I love her now for all she has jeer'd me so.

*Ruth.* Go fetch 'em in, Lieutenant; stand you all drawn up [*Ex. Lieu.*  
 As my Reserve---so---I for the Forlorn Hope.

*Care.* That we had *Teg* here, to quarrel with the Female  
 Triumphant *Day*, whilst I threw the Male *Day* out of the Window.  
 Hark, I hear the Troop marching; I know the she *Day* stamp  
 Among the tramples of a Regiment.

*Arb.* They come, Wench, charge 'em bravely,  
 I'll second thee with a Volley.

*Ruth.* They'll not stand the first charge, fear not;  
 Now the *Day* breaks.

*Care.* Wou'd 'twere his Neck were broke.

*Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.*

*Mrs. Day.* Ah ha, my fine Run-aways, have I found you?  
 What, you think my Husband's Honour lives without Intelligence.  
 Marry come up.

*Mr. Day.* My Duck tells you how 'tis---we---

*Mrs. Day.* Why then let your Duck tell 'em how 'tis;  
 Yet as I was saying, you shall perceive we abound in Intelligence.  
 Else 'twere not for us to go about to keep the Nation  
 Quiet; but if you, *Mrs. Arbella*, will deliver up what you have  
 Stollen, and submit, and return with us and this ungracious *Ruth*.

*Ruth.* *Anne*, if you please.

*Mrs. Day.* Who gave you that Name, pray?

*Ruth.* My God-Fathers and God-Mothers in Baptism; on, for  
 Sir, I can answer a Leaf farther.

*Mr. Day.* Duck, good Duck, a word; I do not like this  
 Name *Annice*.

*Mrs. Day.* You are ever in a Fright, with a shrivell'd Heart  
 Of your own. Well, Gentlewoman, you are merry.

*Arb.* As newly come out of our Wardships, I hope *Mr. Abel* is well.

*Mrs. Day.* Yes, he is well, you shall see him presently;  
 Yes, you shall see him.

*Care.* That is with Mirmidons; come, good *Anne*, no more  
 Delay, fall on.

*Ruth.* Then before the furious *Abel* approaches with his

Red Coats, who perhaps now are marching under the Conduct  
Of that expert Captain in weighty Matters; know the Articles  
Of our Treaty are only these: this *Arbella* will keep her  
Estate, and not marry *Abel*, but this Gentleman; and I  
*Anne*, Daughter to Sir *Basil Thorowgood*, and not *Ruth*,  
As has been thought, have taken my own Estate,  
Together with this Gentleman, for better for worse; we were  
Modest, though Thieves, only plundered our own.

*Mrs. Day*. Yes, Gentlewoman, you took something else,  
And that my Husband can prove; it may cost you your Necks  
If you do not submit.

*Ruth*. Truth on't is, we did take something else.

*Mrs. Day*. Oh, did you so?

*Ruth*. Pray give me leave to speak one Word in private  
With my Father *Day*?

*Mrs. Day*. Do so, do so; are you going to Compound?

Oh, 'tis Father *Day* now.

*Ruth*. D'hear, Sir, how long is't since you practis'd Physick?

[Takes him aside.

*Mr. Day*. Physick, what d'ye mean?

*Ruth*. I mean Physick; look you here's a small Prescription  
Of yours: d'ye know this hand-writing?

*Mr. Day*. I am undone.

*Ruth*. Here's another upon the same subject; this young one I  
Believe came into this wicked World for want of your preventing  
Dose; it will not be taken now neither; it seems your Wenches  
Are willful; nay, I do not wonder to see 'em have more  
Conscience than you have.

*Mr. Day*. Peace, good *Mrs. Anne*, I am undone if you betray me.

*Enter Abel, goes to his Father.*

*Abel*. The Soldiers are come.

*Mr. Day*. Go and send 'em away, *Abel*; here's no need,  
No need now.

*Mrs. Day*. Are the Soldiers come, *Abel*?

*Abel*. Yes, but my Father biddeth me send 'em away.

*Mr. Day*. No, not without your Opinion, Duck; but since  
They have but their own, I think, Duck, if we were all Friends.

*Mrs. Day*. O, are you at your ifs again? d'you think they  
Shall make a Fool of me, though they make an Ass of you?  
Call 'em up, *Abel*, if they will not submit;  
Call up the Soldiers, *Abel*.

*Ruth*. Why your fierce Honour shall know the Business  
That makes the wise *Mr. Day* inclinable to Friendship.

*Mr. Day*. Nay, good sweet heart, come, I pray let us be Friends.

*Mrs. Day*. How's this! what am not I fit to be trusted now?  
Have you built your Credit and your Reputation upon my Council

And Labours, and am not I fit now to be trusted?

Mr. Day. Nay, good sweet Duck, I confess I owe All to thy Wisdom. Good Gentlemen, persuade my Duck That we may be all Friends.

Care. Hark you, good Gillian Day, be not so fierce upon The Husband of thy Bosom; 'twas but a small start of Frailty; Say it were a Wench, or so?

Ruth. As I live he has hit upon't by chance: now we Shall have Sport.

Mrs. Day. How, a Wench, a Wench! out upon the Hypocrite. [Aside.] A Wench! was not I sufficient? a Wench! I'll be reveng'd, Let him be ashamed if he will: Call the Soldiers, Abel.

Care. Haste, good Abel, march not off so hastily.

Arb. Soft, gentle Abel, or I'll discover you are in Bonds; You shall never be released if you move a step.

Ruth. D'heir, Mrs. Day, be not so furious, hold your Peace; You may divulge your Husband's Shame if you are so simple, And cast him out of Authority, nay and have him try'd for His Life: Read this; remember too I know of your Bribery And cheating, and something else: You guess; be Friends, And so give one another; here's a Letter counterfeited From the King, to bestow Preferment upon Mr. Day, if He would turn honest; by which means I suppose you Cozened your Brother Cheats, in which he was to remember His Service to you; I believe 'twas your indicting; you are the Committee-man; 'tis your best way: nay, never demur; So, kiss and be Friends. Now if you can contrive handsomly To cozen those that cozen all the World, and get these Gentlemen to come by their Estates easily, and without Taking the Covenant, the old Sum of five hundred Pound That I used to talk of, shall be yours yet.

Mrs. Day. We will endeavour.

Ruth. Come, Mrs. Arbella, pray let's all be Friends.

Arb. With all my Heart.

Ruth. Brethren, Abel, the Bird is flown, but you shall be Released from your Bonds.

Abel. I bear my Afflictions as I may.

Enter Teg leading Obadiah in a Halter, and Muscian.

Teg. What is this now? who are you? well, are not you Mrs. Tay? well, I will tell her what I shou'd say now? Shall I then? I will try if I cannot laugh too, as I did, that I will.

Care. No, good Teg, there's no need of thy Message now; But why do'st thou lead Obadiah thus?

Teg. Well, I will hang him presently, that I will; look you Here Mrs. Tay, here's your Man Obadiah, do you see that now? He wou'd not let me make him drunk, no more, that

He wou'd not; so, I did take him in this String, and I did tell Him if he did make Noises, I wou'd put the Knife into Him, that I wou'd upon my Soul.

*Blunt.* Honest *Teg*, thy Master is beholding to thee in some Measure for his Liberty.

*Care.* *Teg*, I shall requite thy Honesty.

*Teg.* Well, shall I hang him then? It is a Rogue now; who Wou'd not be drunk, that he wou'd not.

*Obad.* I do beseech you, Gentlemen, let me not Be brought unto Death.

*Care.* No, poor *Teg*, 'tis enough, we are all Friends; Come, let him go.

*Teg.* Well, he shall go then; but you shall love the King, Or I will hang you another time, that I will by my Soul. Well, Look you here now, here is the Man that sung you the Song, That he is; I met him as I came, and I bid him come hither And sing for the King, that I did.

*Care.* D'hear, my Friends, is any of your Companions with you?

*Musi.* Yes, Sir.

*Care.* As I live we'll all dance; it shall be the Celebration Of our Weddings: Nay, Mr. *Day*, as we hope to continue Friends, you and your Duck shall trip it too.

*Teg.* Ay by my Soul will we; *Obadiah* shall be my Woman too; And you shall dance for the King, that you shall.

*Care.* Go, and strike up then; no chiding now, Mrs. *Day*; Come you must not be refractory for once.

Mrs. *Day.* Well, Husband, since these Gentlemen will have It so, and that they may perceive we are Friends, Dance.

*Blunt.* Now, Mr. *Day*, to your Business, get it done as soon as You will, the five hundred Pound shall be ready.

*Care.* So, Friends; thank honest *Teg*, thou shalt flourish In a new Livery for this: Now Mrs. *Annice*, I hope you and I may agree about kissing, and compound every way. Now, Mr. *Day*, if you will have good luck in every thing, Turn Cavalier, and cry, God bless the King.

[*Exeunt.*]

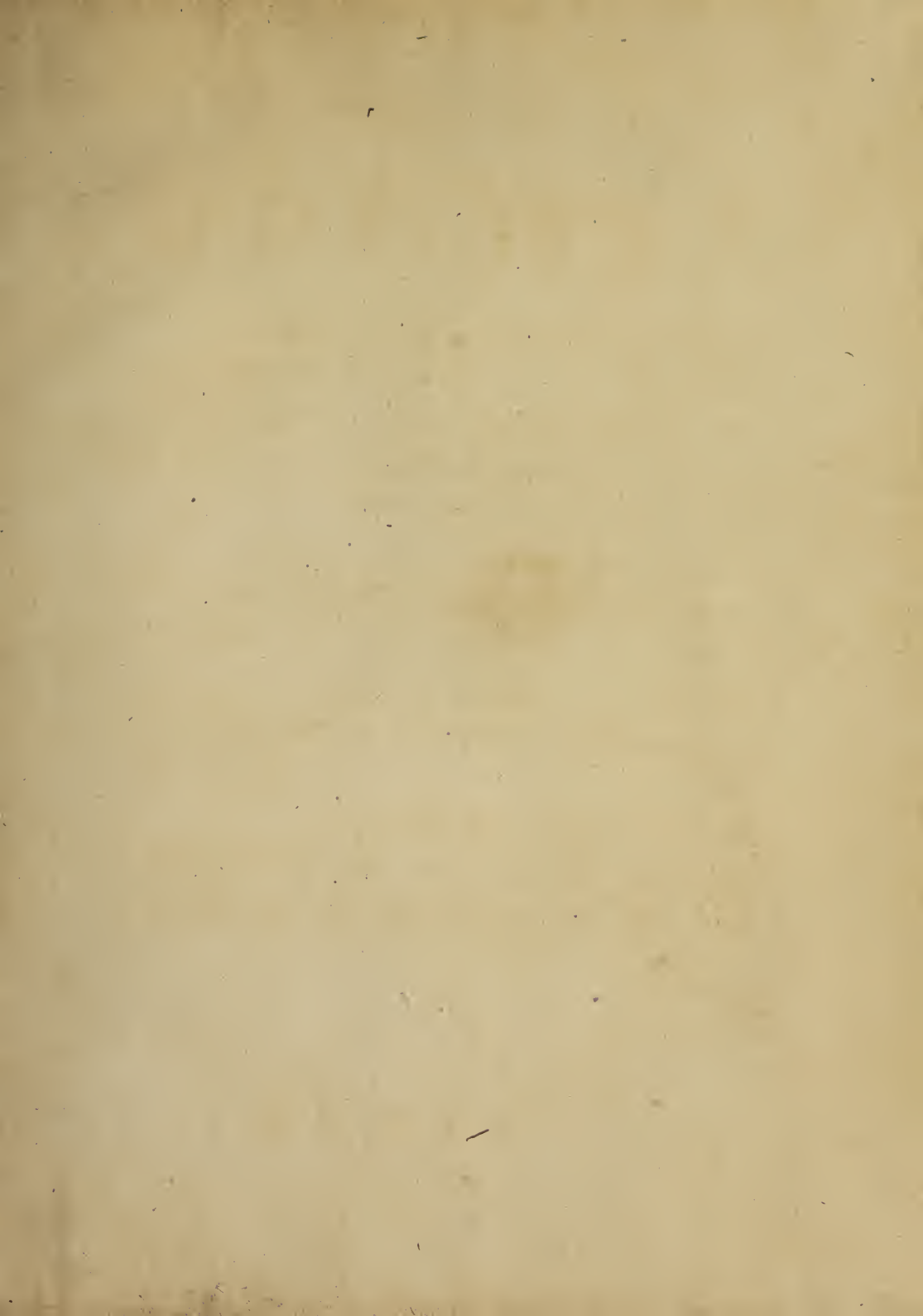
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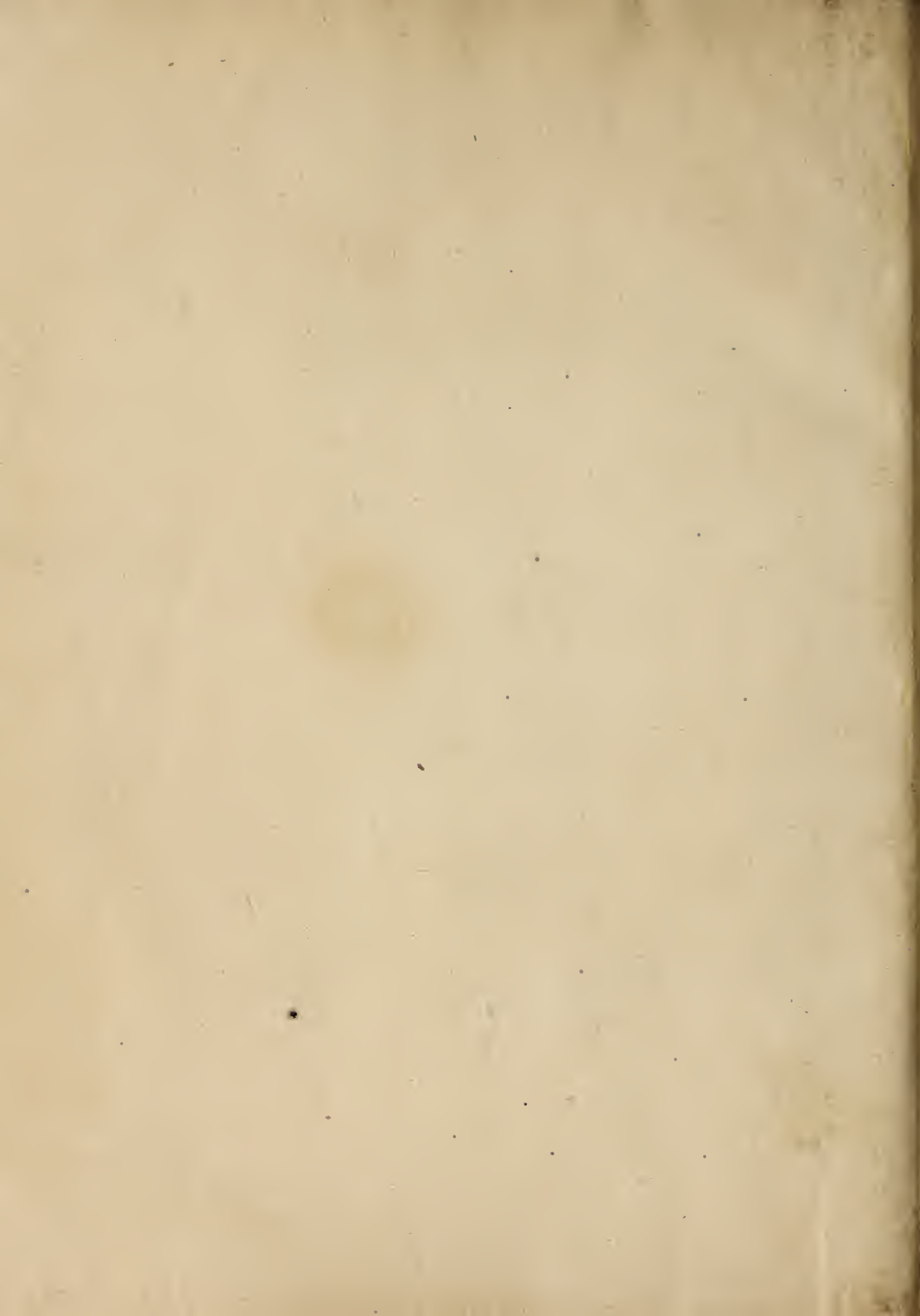
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# EPILOGUE.

**B**UT now the greatest Thing is left to do,  
More just Committee, to Compound with you;  
For, till your equal Censures shall be known,  
The Poet's under Sequestration:  
He has no Title to his small Estate  
Of Wit, unless you please to set the Rate.  
Accept this half Year's purchase of his Wit,  
For in the Compass of that Time 'twas Writ:  
Not that this is enough, he'll pay you more,  
If you your selves believe him not too poor:  
For 'tis your Judgments give him Wealth, in this,  
He's just as rich as you believe he is.  
Wou'd all Committees cou'd have done like you,  
Made Men more rich, and by their Payments too.

FINIS.





JUL 9 1930

